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That's The Truth (S)

TW: Sadness, Song fic

Lalna walked into the small wooden house he shared with Xephos and he knew it was extremely late at night. He hoped that he was asleep and didn't want to wake him if he was but he knew that was highly unlikely. Like himself, Xephos was a workaholic. He spent all his time working. The flickering light of the torch behind him filled the room with a shadow. "Where have you been? It's incredibly late" a voice asked. Lalna winced slightly, knowing who the voice belonged to.

"I was out getting supplies" he didn't sound so sure of himself and he knew the spaceman would pick up on it.

"Oh really? Because we have enough supplies to last us weeks. Where have you been all night?" Xephos demanded.

"I feel like I've been put on trial with you, Xeph. I was out for a walk. Can I not do that anymore?" he asked, annoyance lacing his words. He hated being questioned. He knew that something was wrong and he was the one accused. He hated it.

"Lalna, I can smell the alcohol on you. Don't bullshit me" Xephos was getting angry at this point. He was beginning to feel betrayed and he didn't like it.

"You know what? I can't wait for you to finally hear the truth. You keep questioning me and not trusting me. When you hear the truth in my words, let me know 'cause I shouldn't have to plead my case" Lalna snapped. He grabbed some food, his pickaxe and a few other supplies before walking out the door.

The one thing that the scientist was aware of was the fact that some of Xephos' friends, Ridgedog being the main culprit, were feeding him lies. The blonde shook and forced back the tears that were threatening to spill

over. He knew that Ridge had feelings for the spaceman and he didn't want to lose Xephos to him. He wrote a note quickly on some paper that read:

If you listen to things that your friends say, you're gonna be lonely. How can you treat me like that when I gave my all to you? 'Cause I haven't been messing around, I would never go out and do the things that you don't want me to do because I can tell you right now that you'll never find the evidence on me and that's the truth.

He slid the note under the door and walked off quickly. When he knew he was out of earshot, he sat down behind a tree and began to cry. He hated it when they fought and it was getting worse and worse. Once he had spent all his tears, he headed to one place he knew he would be welcome for the night.

He headed toward Sjin's house and thought about everything that was happening. "There's no saving us now, I'm just doing this to clear my name" he muttered to himself sadly. He knocked on the mahogany door and waited for an answer. He didn't enjoy waking people in the middle of the night but he had no choice. Sjin answered the door and looked at Lalna sleepily. "What's going on?" he murmured. Lalna explained everything and Sjin held the door open for him, letting him walk inside quietly. "Spare bedroom. Top floor. You're welcome to stay as long as you need" he gave him a warm, sympathetic smile and showed him upstairs to the room. Lalna walked into the room and thanked Sjin as he closed the door and clambered onto the bed. He curled himself up into a ball and hugged one of the pillows as he missed the warmth of his spaceman beside him.

As dawn broke, Sjin knocked the door gently and opened it. Lalna wiped his bright red eyes and looked at him sadly. "Oh Lalna. I don't know what to say really. Are you sure there's no way you can fix this?" he asked gently as he put down a tray of food for breakfast on the end of the bed. The scientist took the tea and sipped it.

"I don't know. He never listens and 'cause of that, I shouldn't have to plead my case. There's so much love to save and he doesn't want to listen to me or listen to the truth. In all honesty, I think we're over" he whimpered quietly. He put the mug down and hugged his knees tightly. Sjin hugged him

quickly and whispered something in his ear. He left the room and Lalna heard him leave the house. He ate breakfast quietly and then curled himself back up, trying to get some sleep.

He must have fallen asleep as what felt like an eternity later, he was awoken and saw Sjin standing over him. "Come downstairs. Xephos and you need to talk this out" he said gently but demandingly.

"Sjin I do--"

"Don't argue with me. Come downstairs when you're ready" he interrupted. Lalna nodded and sat up groggily. He wiped his eyes, fixed his hair and headed down the wooden steps to the lower levels of the house. His heart stopped briefly when he saw Xephos sat at the table, fiddling with his hands.

"Um, hi" he said quietly, looking at the floor and shuffling his feet. Sjin led Lalna to a seat opposite Xephos and sat at the end of the table.

"You two really need to fix your relationship. You keep fighting and its not healthy. Just talk it out okay?" Sjin sighed gently. It was no secret that they fought a lot. It happened all the time, especially when they were working.

Things were going well while they spoke. That was, until one name came up. Ridgedog. Lalna had a burning hate for the demi-god who was trying to steal him. "I need a lawyer just to talk because they're telling you what to say Xeph! I can't do anything without you getting pissed off and upset at me!"

"They aren't doing anything. They're my friends and they give me advice. Besides, why do you care? You never talk to me about anything!"

"Because you're always so wrapped up in your bloody work and Ridgedog, you never have time for me!" Lalna yelled. Xephos winced at his words. The scientist had really hit a nerve with what he said.

"I never get to see you. I go for walks to try and kill some time because I never know when you're going to come home. You think I don't talk to you?

You're never around for me to talk to you" he hissed angrily. Xephos looked down at the table and traced the faint pattern on the wood.

"This is why we fight? Because we never see each other because of work and Ri-- Other people?" he asked gently. Lalna took a deep breath to try and calm himself. He nodded. "I'm sorry, Lalna. I never meant--"

"Save it. I can't do this anymore. We're done, Xeph. I love you more than anything but I can't do this. I can't handle the fact that you'll never love me in return because I'm not as powerful or influential as some entities but I've always loved you."

Lalna stood up and walked out the room. He headed upstairs to grab his things and headed back down again, ready to leave the farm. "I'll send someone to get my things. I'm sorry it didn't work out and I'm sorry I'm not good enough" he whispered, kissing the top of the spaceman's head. "I love you and I'm sorry. And that's the truth" he sniffled, walking out the front door and closing it behind him. Sjin watched helplessly and felt his own heart break for the pair.

"I love you too, Lalna" Xephos whispered.

And just like that, they were both alone.

Credit to RatingHyperion on Ao3

Good Vibrations (N)

TW: Smut. Enjoy.

The sheets on the bed were scrunched and disarranged, most significantly disheveled around the two, who lay together in the center, distanced from the headboard, their bodies nude but snug. Duncan used his hands and legs to push himself further down the mattress, the sound of the crisp covers crumbling filling the pair's ears, along with the panting and discordant breathing, their chests heaving. As if they shared the same mentality, the two instantly became in sync with their moments, Lewis' hands gripping Duncan's hips - that were now in line with his eyes - whilst Duncan mirrored the moments on Lewis'. Both of their touches were rough and eager, their palms clammy and warm against each other's skin, a result of a long dawn out intimate session.

Lewis whimpered as Duncan ran his tongue along Lewis' hard cock, the touch so anticipated and pleasant, Duncan's muscle humid and coarse against his skin, sparking unbearable burning inside him. Lewis was raw with his actions, seizing Duncan's arse with splayed out hands as he lapped greedily at Duncan's member, starting with the tip and spiralling his tongue around it. In response, Duncan let his fingernails scrape across Lewis' skin as his hands moved to his behind, his fingers delving into the dividing space where they teased Lewis' opening. As pleasure began to engulf him, Lewis pulled his head away from Duncan temperamentally, taking in deep, sharp breaths before plunging back into the action, spreading Duncan's cheeks and kneading them harshly.

The taste of Duncan's precum was mouth-watering for Lewis, tuning him to seek out more, urging him to continue to coax Duncan's shaft and cusp in his own saliva, his nails marking Duncan's arse as he pulled him in closer. Duncan had no time to revel at the sensation, increasing the pace of his teasing, stepping up and running the points of his incisors across the pumping veins on Lewis' member. As Duncan forced Lewis' hips into him,

the unmistakable sound of his hand slapping against Lewis' arse cheek ringing through the room as he jutted his own hips forward. The two continued to work together, initiating the next stage, halting the teasing and refilling their lungs before taking the other's length in their mouth.

Duncan began quickly and sloppily, using his tongue to titillate the top of Lewis' shaft as he sucked on the tip, his head so close to Lewis' skin his blonde hair brushed against his thighs. As he continued to tug and stretch the skin of Lewis' buttocks, Lewis sucked harder on Duncan's cock, exhaling shakily through his nose, propelling hot air against Duncan's length, the pleasure inside him making him want to scream. Lewis started, uncontrollably, bucking his hips against Duncan, the man's fingers slipping against his entrance and more of his length easing into Duncan's mouth. Not able to hold it in, Lewis whined loudly, the sound hastily muffled by the organ in his mouth, the high pitched whimper vibrating through Duncan.

"Fuck." Duncan swore loudly but weakly, letting Lewis' dick fall out of his mouth for seconds before he surrounded it in his heat again.

Lewis' legs began to tremble in bliss as Duncan nudged his index finger into Lewis' tight opening, forcing more of Lewis' length down his throat as he went, the rest of his hands spanking Lewis' behind repeatedly. From then on, all of Lewis' moans and cries in pleasure were stopped by Duncan's rod as he took all of it in his mouth, the cusp knocking against the back of his throat, testing his gag reflexes, but he persevered. Keeping in the same unison the two had been in for the whole evening, they both began to raise up their legs, knocking their feet against the other's back, thrusting their hips further forward at the same time.

"Duncan." Lewis tried to call out, consequently sending more pulsing waves up Duncan, only to receive the same in return, as Duncan inserted another finger into Lewis, pushing them in and out.

Mentally, Duncan was screaming now, as Lewis gave no warning and slotted two digits into him, sucking tremendously hard on his cock as he plunged them in and out of Duncan's tight behind. Sweat dripped off the two of them as they rhythmically rolled their bodies together, Lewis' hands gripping Duncan's behind so tightly his knuckles began to turn white, as

Duncan began to paw at the skin of Lewis' arse cheek, as if he wanted to tear it apart. On the last part of their journey, Lewis' hips began to judder, barely able to breath, snorting out air through his nostrils, helplessly shooting beating reverberations through Duncan as he returned the favour. Duncan recognised Lewis' climax movements, displaying his own subconsciously, using every ounce of energy he had left to plough his fingers into him as he engulfed his member.

Lewis felt his body crumple against Duncan's as he came, his mind flashing white with pure pleasure as his hips stopped moving, his feet pressing into Duncan's back and his jaw falling slack, Duncan's dick still in his mouth, silencing his scream. As Lewis' warm cum shot down his throat, Duncan felt his own orgasm ripple through him, his hands stopping their movements to grip Lewis close as his hips rolled, riding out the waves as his seed filled Lewis' mouth. Both of the two swallowed their mouthfuls instantly, needing all their airways clear as they gulped down air, their cheeks burning red.

"Holy shit." Lewis panted, his heaving chest pushing against Duncan's, their sweaty skin sticking together before being pulled apart and repeating the action over and over.

"That was amazing." Duncan replied meekly, trailing his fingertips down from Lewis' arse cheek to his thick, where they drew gentle circles.

"This is really uncomfortable." Lewis laughed, his chuckle much shorter than usual, still needing to take steady breaths.

"Yeah, I'm just staring at your dick." Duncan joked back, able to laugh his usual laugh, always better at catching his breath than Lewis was.

"Same." Lewis smirked back, even though Duncan couldn't see his face, his eyes lazily scanning over the slowly softening member in front of him.

"It's beautiful isn't it?" Duncan teased, his tongue sticking against the edge of his mouth after he spoke.

"So beautiful." Lewis replied cheerily, leaning in to plant a quick kiss on the tip before pulling away again.

"Lewis. Don't kiss my dick. It's weird." Duncan continued to taunt, his body shuffling around and his legs untangling from around Lewis's shoulders.

"I just sucked it Duncan, I don't think kissing makes any difference." Lewis said back, his breathing back to normal finally.

"Good point." Duncan nodded, back to using his hands and legs to push himself back on the sheets, turning so he was on all fours and crawling over to Lewis' face.

"You know, for a 'scientist' you aren't very clever." Lewis criticised, playfully, as Duncan fell into the mattress next to him, sighing loudly.

"And for a 'spaceman', that wasn't exactly out of this world." Duncan smirked back, the actions no longer wasted as Lewis could see him.

"Shut up." Lewis smiled before kissing Duncan deeply, his eyes flicking closed and their chins knocking together slightly.

"I love you." Duncan mumbled as the kiss broke with a smacking sound, his eyes not opening, knowing another kiss was coming soon.

"I love you too." Lewis replied gently, working his fingers through Duncan's tousled hair and pressing their lips together once more.

Credit to leezy on Ao3

A Subjectable Man (S)

TW: Death Mention, Yoglabs, Emotional/Psycological Abuse, Unhealthy relationships

I once knew a man, a scientist, a genius.

This man, I was lucky enough to call him a friend.

Though his thought process could sometimes be called chaotic and often careless, he never failed to deliver. With his light-hearted attitude people found it easy to like him, share a drink with him, crack a joke with him, and even share their problems with him. His smile always seemed unending. I wanted to do something for him. Offer him a gift for the endless laughs he had given.

So I let him in on my dream.

A lab.

A lab where both of us could limitlessly dive into our curiosity without any restraints. We worked for countless months towards this idea, he dreamt of it as much as I did. We poured everything we had into it, and we succeeded. We could finally do what we wanted: test, experiment, create, we could do it all. It was entirely ours.

With many months passing, experiments coming and going, I began to notice something about the scientist. The more time he spent in the labs and the less outside with friends, it became harder for him to shut his mind off. It would still buzz as he put himself to sleep, edging him into new ideas. Countless times I would wake to him shaking me, exclaiming he had the newest life changing invention. I would always humour him, following and listening to his explanations, half excited and half drained. Though I worried about the amount of materials he exhausted, I never wanted to hinder his creative mind.

You could say I pushed him to try harder, but with such potential how could I not? I could see that he had the ability to constantly solve the questions we had and never get tired even when endless nights took their toll. His mind was constantly working, it was quite beautiful really. At times I couldn't help myself as I watched him; his excitement for his work was contagious. He quickly became a backbone in the labs; it was the scientist and I, always working closely together. It was, thrilling, to be near someone like that, to share moments with. Share theories, past notes, time, meals, my bed...

Now that I look back, I wonder how I could have been so selfish, turning a blind eye to the alterations. I can't be entirely at fault, change is inevitable, it can't be all my fault... but the blame lies with me. My encouragements, my whispers in his ear to make him try even harder and constantly take a step further, I couldn't help myself. I wanted to see just how far he could go. My own curiosity practically turned him into my new experiment.

He began to change so slowly, such small increments, that I didn't notice. He began to stay up later and later, his mind never being able to rest. He made new machines to allow him to continue without stopping. He made it so he didn't have to eat, drink, or sleep. Though he didn't have to, I at times enticed him to do so. I was greedy.

Instead of addressing his half minded babbles, I brushed them off. Instead of making note of his nervous twitching, I labeled it as quirky. If an experiment failed, I would ignore him. I thought that it would pressure him to succeed more often. When he did have successes, I would reward him, but still tell him that he could do better. My curiosity craved to see what he could do to top his latest achievement. I wanted to know, and I made it so he did too. I baited him, like a frightened lab rat because I thirsted to fill my ledger with more notes on his reactions and achievements, and what I could do to pull more out of him.

I once knew a man of science.

A man of great potential and laughter.

I did not see a trace of the man in those halls on that day.

I could not see his childish touches or his creative whim. What I saw, I will never be able to wash out of my sight.

He cracked.

He cracked on the rocks that were below the cliff I so negligently pushed him off of.

The man of science, his eyes, still the same, the sound of his words so familiar, but his hands, bloody.

I may sound cruel when I say this but, I am glad there were no survivors. I could diminish the damages, skew the numbers and forge a new truth, all before anyone could inquire.

I remember him; he gripped me so tightly, he was afraid. Though I still do not know of what... the act, himself, his undecided future? Perhaps he was afraid of me, and how I would react. All I could do was allow him the hold.

I tried to convince him it was a one-time slip, a moment of temporary insanity, that he could easily go back to experimenting in the lab but this time, I could not convince him.

My decision, I do not regret it. At the time it was the best option. I would not let him die. I would not let the people know the truth and have him hanged without a second thought. They would not have my man of science.

I hid him away. I kept everything a secret, as low key as possible. I felt I could help him, I had to. He could become the same man again. I had the entire world's technology at my disposal and all the greatest minds, I would find a way.

When people began to wonder, whisper, I panicked. I fell back into an old way of thinking.

I let a clone replace him.

It was a strange mix of relief and guilt when I brought the clone to the scientist's friends. He was a perfect copy, they welcomed him so easily. I

didn't have to do any convincing; he sunk perfectly into the life that was already there.

The clone was home, the scientist's home.

He resumed his life, the scientist's life.

No one was ever the wiser, no one ever questioned anything. He was the perfect place holder for the scientist and the façade I needed to keep people from prying. I could stay at the labs with the original man, and have all the time I needed to work with him.

He was like a lost child, believing and trusting, but scared. I gave him all the promises I could. I would ease his mind so he would be able to go back to his life. I tried to make where he stayed comfortable. I tried to give him room for laughter again. Yet his mind could not turn off. At times I debated if the projects I gave him to satisfy his intellectual hunger helped or hindered, but it allowed him to focus all his thoughts.

When he was found, he glass box unearthed, I was questioned. What first came to mind, I shouldn't have said, but it was for his safety, all for his safety. I needed people to stay away from him.

I called him dangerous. I called him a threat.

They gave him the label, monster. They wanted to name the monster.

Lalnable.

They thought themselves clever as they looked at the monster who wore the same skin as the beloved scientist.

Lalnable.

I repeated the name, I don't know why. His eyes, the man's eyes, I saw them tremble when I said it.

Lalnable.

I was supposed to save him, give him the ability to breathe fresh air without doubt again, but I solidified his new name. After that he was distant. He didn't want to sit next to the glass anymore, deciding to stand at the opposite end to me. He no longer wanted to fix the machines or projects I gave him, he only smashed them further.

When I asked him about his drastic switch, he only repeated the new name, over and over again. I could visibly see his anger towards the given identity and his rejection of it, but it seemed to continuously be forced onto him. No one saw him as anything else and he could barely see himself through the suffocating overcast.

He grew restless. He grew wrathful. He demanded impossible things, but I retrieved them, in hopes he could forgive. Yet he never did. I fed his hatred when I tried to sooth. He would pound at the glass, blaming me, shaming me. It was all my fault, everything that had happened to him. It would have never occurred if it weren't for me.

Even as I still exasperated myself, I became shattered from everything he threw at me. I ventured out of the labs more often. Spending time in what seemed to be the picture perfect carefree past. I would sit around a table with friends and feel the happiness again, but I never could forget the man, the scientist who screamed within the lab walls. His exact copy sat across from me, how could I forget my acts?

Even when my present events plague me, it was impossible to forget the past, when the smile he cracked was so wide, when the tilt of his head was so kind. This was the same man I once promised the sky. He had all the same transferred memories and thoughts. The same laugh, the same warm breath. His words, his hair, skin and touch, it was all the same. Same grip. Same kiss. Body...

Have you ever wondered, how things could possibly return to the sun filled days they once were? Could forgiveness ever happen? Could wrongs ever turn right?

I now stand in front of the scientist. His words call me softly even through the thick wall of glass.

I told him everything. All of it. I spared no detail.

I begged.

I begged him for forgiveness. I failed him; my promises were full of holes. His life is now carried on by a carbon copy of what he once was. His existence now is stained, by my own words. I now know that he can never recover from what I did to him. He is too deep into the grave that I dug for him.

He still calls me, my name sweet on his tongue.

It is now he who has the promises and convincing words. He will act as the judge and jury of my trial he says. He tells me he will be fair, I just have to step in.

His fingers curl as he tells me these words. He comes closer to the glass, just like he used to. I can see his eyes, hair, lips; it's all stayed the same. It's all so welcoming that I can hardly register my fingers as they type in the eight digit code, unlocking the door.

I once knew a man of science.

A genius, a man beloved by all who knew him.

My scientist is no longer in those eyes. The closer I get, the clearer it becomes. I still walk into his arms, like second nature. I could be afraid of him, of myself, of the unknown, but I have forfeited such a privilege. I submit.

I once knew a man named Lalna, a scientist, a friend, a partner.

That man is dead now. He no longer walks this planet. He left me so long ago, killed by my own hand. I stripped him of his innocence, poisoned his mind and mangled his existence.

I killed my scientist.

Now all that remains, is Lalnable.

Credit to IdlePace on Ao3

Memories (S)

TW: Kinda Angsty

"Lalna?" Xephos called as he stepped through the door to the wooden work shed that was once their home.

Silence greeted the bearded spaceman as he edged closer to the ladder on the wall dividing the two sections of the building. He sighed loudly as he gripped the rungs, lifting himself up just high enough to see if anyone was in the other room. There, in front of Lewis, was a scene he'd never realised he missed so much.

His and Lalna's old beds on one side of the room and a crafting bench, hatch and furnace on the side where Honeydew's king sized bed used to be. The hastily written and placed signs above them, ones that had been changed and replaced countless times. Xephos smiled at the sight, running a hand through his hair a he took it all in.

The three had long moved on from the 'Jaffa Factory' days and had new missions and challenges to occupy themselves, but Xephos couldn't help but revisit and review the abundance of cheerful memories they had made here. Lalna had come with him, taken a break from his busy work and endured the long walk over to the factory site.

Xephos had no idea why he'd come, Honeydew hadn't bothered, most of the time they liked to keep the past in the past, but he'd come nonetheless. Except now he had gone missing.

"Lalna?" Xephos called again, climbing back down the ladder and looking over his shoulder.

As Xephos' feet touched the ground he heard a loud clattering below him, presumably from the hatch that led down into the mines. Lifting up the wooden hatch, Xephos readied his sword, preparing for a collection of mobs to attack him, most likely spiders that had climbed up the ladder.

"Lalna?" Xephos said quietly this time, seeing his goggled companion fumbling around, picking up several ores and gems that he'd dropped.

"There's still so many minerals down here!" Lalna remarked happily, smiling up at Xephos as he made his way down the ladder.

"Need a hand?" Xephos smiled back, hopping off the ladder and bending down next to Lalna, scooping up a couple of the minerals.

"You'd have thought there would be nothing left. I could've sworn Honeydew said this mine was exhausted." Lalna continued as he started filling his many pockets with his booty.

"C'mon. That's not what we came here for, remember?" Xephos teased, patting his now full pockets and gripping the ladder once more.

"What did we come here for exactly, Xeph?" Lalna questioned as he followed the man up the ladder, keeping his eyes locked firmly on the rungs as he worked his hands around them.

"Just a little nostalgia." Xephos replied cheerily, pushing the hatch open above his head and stepping out onto the wooden floor, holding a hand out to Lalna.

"Ah, ok. Thanks." Lalna nodded, taking Xephos hand and closing the hatch with his foot.

"How are you, by the way? I haven't had a chance to talk to you properly for ages." Xephos beamed, brushing the dust from his clothes.

"You know what, I'm pretty frickin' tired." The scientist said back, walking over to the open door and stepping out, sighing slightly before taking in a deep breath, the fresh outside air filling his lungs.

"I know exactly what you mean." Xephos reassured him, putting a friendly arm around his shoulders.

"You know what?"

"What?"

"I think I can see why you miss this so much."

"Really?"

"Yeah." Lalna nodded as he began walking, not towards the factory, in the complete opposite direction, past the trees and now deceased wheat crop.

"Care to explain." Xephos teased, running his hand through his hair as he followed the blonde.

"Well, we were so much happier back then, back here. And we saw each other every day. It was nice." Lalna explained, still trudging towards the water's edge.

"Aw, Lalna, you big softy." The spaceman pouted, poking his finger into Lalna's blushing cheek.

"No, I mean..." Lalna started, batting Xephos' hands away, "I got into a routine. I like routines, they're orderly and linear. Change is just messy." He continued, the rosy colour darkening with each word.

"Yeah, yeah. Of course." Xephos beamed, sticking his tongue out at the man before the two stopped abruptly, their feet just millimetres away from the water's edge.

"Why don't you believe me?" Lalna asked, mocking offense, as he sank down onto the grass, sitting crossed legged beside the bank.

"I just can't quite see how you could be so fond of organisation and look and act like you do." Xephos replied, mirroring Lalna's movements and sitting next to him.

"What do I look like then Xephos?" Lalna asked, his tone completely different, slightly conscious, like he'd been hurt by the statement.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean you look bad." Xephos smiled gently, "I was mainly talking about this." He continued as he raised a hand to Lalna's messy hair

and ruffled it further.

"I guess..." Lalna blushed again, this time not pushing Xephos' hand away, enjoying the warmth of his fingertips against his scalp.

To Lalna's disappointment, the hand was slowly untangled from the golden strands, returning to Xephos' side before he fell back onto the ground, his back pressing into the grass and his arms resting behind his head. Lalna was soothed by the blissful sight in front of him, Xephos' eyes easing shut and his chest rising and falling gently in front of him.

"Xephos, it's going to be night time soon." Lalna spoke quietly as he observed the sun, over half of it already hidden below the water.

"Lalna, just relax for once. We're safe here, don't worry." Xephos mumbled, not perturbed, his eyes still calmly shut.

There were many reasons why Lalna had come with Xephos today, several of them being things the scientist wasn't entirely sure if he understood, let alone if Xephos would – if he ever were to tell him. Lalna had never been in love before, he didn't know what it meant and he didn't know how it occurred. Despite this, his scientific knowledge inferred that he was under the influence of the mysterious 'love' force and that worried Lalna greatly.

"Lalna, are you ok?" Xephos spoke, breaking into Lalna's thoughts, making him turn to look at the spaceman.

"I'm fine, just watching the sunset." Lalna lied, his eyes widening as he observed Xephos' open eyes and deep look of concern.

"Ok." Xephos replied, clearly not convinced, before shutting his eyelids back down and sighing loudly.

"I'm glad we came here." Lalna remarked, his eyes locking back onto the rapidly disappearing sun as he lowered his back down to the ground.

"It's always good to remember, Lalna." Xephos said peacefully in reply.

"Why? Why do we always have to remember? Why can't we make new memories, live in now and remember later?" Lalna queried, his tone a lot more eager and interested now.

Xephos didn't say anything as he sat back up, his hands resting on his knees and his eyes opening. He looked down at the blonde and smiled broadly, the most content grin Lalna had ever seen on someone's face.
"We can." He said simply as Lalna sat back up as well.

"What do you mean?" Lalna asked, cocking his head to the side slightly.

"We can make new memories. We can build something new, start all over again. Honeydew can come along too; hell; Sips and Sjin can join us too... permanently. It could be incredible, Lalna." Xephos continued, his eyes widening and his gaze falling upon the stars that lined the sky.

"Xephos, you're perspective on life is so beautiful. How do you always find something to smile about?" Lalna asked, eyeing the constellations as well.

"I don't know, I guess I'm just happy."

"Yes, but how are you so happy?"

"It's all about the people, Lalna. I have some truly incredible friends and that makes me happy."

"You think I'm incredible?" Lalna asked, turning to look at Xephos.

"Of course you are." The spaceman replied, not looking away from the picturesque view in front of him.

Without saying a word, Lalna raised a gloved hand to Xephos' chin, turning it so he was looking Lalna in the eye, before the scientist leaned in and kissed him, his lips barely even touching Xephos' before he pulled away again and looked at the ground.

"That wasn't a very good kiss, Lalna." Xephos mumbled, his tone friendly and even slightly flirty.

"I'm sorry, I just-" Lalna started, starting intently at the grass.

"Let's try it again." Xephos said gently before kissing Lalna deeply, their foreheads pressing together before they pulled away, smiling broadly at each other and small blushes dusting their cheeks.

"The stars are beautiful." Xephos remarked as he shuffled in closer to Lalna, resting his head on the taller man's shoulder as he chuckled lightly at the sudden topic change.

"It's incredible to think that is what made this. Those tiny lights in the sky created every single thing around us." Lalna smiled, holding back on reciting the hundreds of pages worth of knowledge he knew about the universe.

"The moon's very bright tonight." Xephos added, his nose pressing into the side of Lalna's neck slightly.

"I like the moon." The scientist replied, making Xephos smile at the simplicity of his statement.

"I like the moon too." Xephos echoed, his eyes falling shut once more.

As Lalna raised a hand to comb through Xephos' soft hair he spoke gently and slowly, "We'll go there one day. I'll take you to the moon, Xephos."

Credit to leezy on Ao3

The Penthouse Hot Tub (N)

TW: Stuff ensues in the hot tub

No one touched the hot tub in the pent house. It sat there and made its bubbly hot tub noises and the crackling fire on the floor below continued to heat up the tub full of water.

After a tiring long night of working in the Honeydew Factory, Xephos was tired. His body was aching from all the flying and building and a hot bath would really be nice right about now. But, the only source of warm water in the area was in Honeydews penthouse in the top floor.

"Honeydew should be asleep by now, he won't notice if I slip in the hot tub for a while and relax." Xephos said silently to himself in the quiet factory.

Flying up the top floor, Xephos slowed down when he reached the penthouse and gazed around the room. The hot tub with its three periodic illuminating lights sat in the far corner. Honeydew's race car bed sat a few paces away with a huddled body inside of it.

Xephos flew swiftly over to the huddled body and watched for signs of waking. Honeydew looked like he wasn't waking up any time soon, Xephow then slowly flew over to the steaming tub of hot water. Finally reaching the edge of the tub he touched ground and turned slowly to get a look at Honeydew. From this length he could still see the rise and fall of Honeydews chest and the slight snore he gave off.

Xephos gave a slight victory dance in his head and slowly started to strip out of his leather jacket, striped blue shirt, and leather pants. Xephos glanced at the signs littered around the edge of the tub. 'NO CLOUTHES ALLOWED. NO MEN'. Xephos was going to disregard the first and second rule and continued to take off his clothes till he was left in his briefs. Leaning over to the light switch he turned off the coordinating flashing

lights. If Honeydew were to wake up and look over at the hot tub it would be hard to see if someone was in the tub if the lights were off.

Slowly climbing into the heated pool he silently hissed in delight as the heat from the warm water slowly crawled up his body.

Finally submerged in the heated pool Xephos relaxed back onto the soft brick edge of the pool and let the heat soak into his body.

"This is the life.." He whispered silently to no one.

"You could say that again"

Xephos jumped slightly, startled by the mysterious voice that came out of nowhere. Turning his head around him saw none other than Lalna in the darkness near the edge of the pool stripping his clothes off.

Xephos gave a silent surprised gasp and covered his eyes. "Lalna! What are you doing here, and why are you getting naked in front of me!" Xephos asked silently, turning his back on Lalna so he didn't have to hold his hands in front of his face for long.

"Well, like you I have also had a hectic day and could also use a hot bath, and since this is the only place with hot water I thought 'Why not!'" Lalna answered kicking off the last of his cloths including his boxers.

"You should know Honeydews rules better than anyone else! Two men aren't allowed in the hot tub together!" Xephos exclaimed silently in a fit.

"Screw the rules! Besides hes asleep! He won't even know we were here!" Lalna explained in a soft whisper as he started to inch slowly into the tub.

"Alright...well just keep your knickers on and everything will be fine and dandy" Xephos exclaimed, closing his eye and enjoying the feel of the warm tub. Xephos heard sound of Lalna's soft splashing noises of him entering the tub and opened his eyes to look upon his friend.

"To late!" Lalna grinned at Xephos. Xephos eye grew and a blush washed over his face.

Xephos wiggled awkwardly in the warm water and looked down into the tub at his feet down in the bottom of the tub. Lalna was not going to ruin this for him! He was going to relax!

With a gulp, Xephos sank into the tub more and slid down till his nose just about his the top of the water. Closing his eyes softly and taking his last breath in Xephos submerged fully in the water for a minute or two and slowly came back up for air. The air out of the tub was slightly chilly, but felt good on his heated cheeks. Using his hands to slick his wet hair back, Xephos leaned back against the tub and relaxed while looked up into the sky light above the tub at the shining stars above.

Lalna watched this silent show, the way the water from the tub slipped down Xephos muscular chest only to drip down and disappear in water. If only Lalna were that water droplet.

Suddenly, Xephos felt a pair of lips pressed up against the side of his neck leaving chapped kissed up and around his ear. Xephos blushed slightly but didn't look down, knowing already who was kissing him and nibbling on his ear. "Lalna, what are you up to?"

"Xephos..I want to make love you to..." Lalna whispered close to Xephos ear, giving the skin right below it a kiss.

"We are in Honeydew's hot tub!...I don't think he would find it very amusing if he found out two men where in his hot tub let alone having sex!?" Xephos whispered silently while lifting his hand above the water and placing it on Lalna's shoulder so he could push him away.

Lalna leaned closer to Xephos and rubbed his already hardening erecting onto Xephos bare leg under the water. "Xephos, I'm already hard for you...please. Just get me off and then..."

"Alright Alright!" Xephos exclaimed silently and grabbed ahold of both Lalna's shoulders and flipped their positions. Xephos knew if he heard any more of that sentence he wouldn't be able to keep the hot tub clean. Lalna's mouth had a way with Xephos cock.

Leaning Lalna's body so his back was against the side of the tub, Xephos leaned forward slowly and kissed Lalna softly on the lips. Xephos enjoyed making Lalna squirm and wither while he teased him till he was on the brick of cumming.

Pulling away, Xephos splayed kisses all along Lalna's neck and torso, leaving a love bite or two up near his collar but low enough to be hidden by the high collar of his scientist jacket.

"Xephos..Come on..."Lalna moaned softly lifting his arms out of the warm water and grabbing ahold of Xephos wet head, pushing it slightly as to indicate to Xephos that he wanted him to get to the good stuff.

Xephos gave a silent huff and kissed down to Lalna's nipples, giving each a tender nip and apologetic lick. Moving his way down he moved in between Lalna's legs and lifted his body mostly out of the water so it floated above.

Lalna's cock stood hard out of the water in the chilling air of the factory. Lalna gave a slight gasp from the cold and grabbed the side of tub for support. "Gah its cold..." He silently whispered to Xephos, gripping hard on to the tub.

"Well...Hondeydew does like it cold..." Xephos answered and leaning his head down Xephos engulfed Lalna's cock in his mouth.

Lalna gave a silent gasp and let one hand go from the side of the tub to clutched onto Xephos wet head.

Xephos gave Lalna's cock a long lick up to the tip, lapping at the pre-cum beaded at the top, then down to the very base. Xephos deep throated Lalna and hummed softly sending vibrations from the back of his throat to tip of Lalna's penis.

Lalna gave a slight gasp and grasped at the wet tresses of hair plastered to Xephos head, yanking softly as to not remove hair from his head.

Xephos was so into giving his blow job to Lalna that he did not hear a voice from the red sports car bed. All of a sudden Xephos was dunked into the

water along with the rest of Lalna's body.

"Whose in my hot tub! Hu! Better not be you Sjin and your nasty loin cloth of yours!"

"Ah, it's just me Honeydew!" Lalna answered, looking down into the bubbly water at Xephos huddled body and his still hard cock.

Xephos frowned under the water, looking at Lalna who was talking to someone from above the water. What is Honeydew? What if Honeydew woke up and came over and saw both of them in the tub. No Honeydew would never get out of bed unless it was a dire emergency, or pig island was under siege.

Xephos smiled softly under water, if there was one thing he was good at, it was holding his breath. One of his many abilities of being an alien from another planet. Xephos glided slowly over to Lalna's lower half in the water and touched Lalna's still hard cock.

"Eep!" Lalna squeaked suddenly and looked down at Xephos who was nearing his erection. 'No he wouldn't...not while Honeydew is awake!' Lalna thought.

"Ah Lalna!" Honeydew answered in a rough sleepy voice "My best worker! You can use my hot tub any time! Just let me know next time...ok?" Honeydew still hadn't left his sports car bed, as long as he didn't come over here Xephos and he would be safe from the wrath of Honeydew.

"ohh-ok! Thanks boss!" Lalna tried to make it sound normal but Xephos tongue was doing naughty tricks to his bits.

"any....time..."Honeydew went straight back to a loud snore and wonderful dreams full of Jaffa cakes, pigu's, and women.

Lalna gave a sigh of relief and reached his hand down and pulled at Xephos shoulder for him to come up.

Xephos slowly came out of the water, his hair drooping down into his face. Lalna looked at the sight before him and laughed silently. Leaning over, Lalna kissed the warm wet lips and pulled Xephos into his lap, digging his erecting into Xephos arse.

Xephos pulled away and smirked at Lalnas panting face and red lips, reaching his hand down to Lalna's erection he slowly started to jerk Lalna off.

Lalna panted softly, leaning his head onto Xephos' shoulder he moaned softly into the damp hot skin. Xephos pushed Lalna back so he rested against the tubs edge and laid open mouth kisses on Lalna's moisten chest, moving his fist faster around Lalna's hard cock.

"Xephos...please...I.."

Xephos leaned over before Lalna could finish his plea and kissed his pouting lips. Kissing down his stubble on his chin, he worked his way to Lalna's ear and whispered softly "cum Lalna..."

Lalna's whole body was immediately set aflame by those two words spoken. The inside of his body coiled and he moaned out softly into the dark damp cold factory, his cum leaking into the water, and mixed with the natural chemicals of the hot tub. He panted softly, and exhaustedly watching his breath escape into the cold factory air.

Xephos slowly removed himself from Lalna's lap and sat next to Lalna in the tub. "We gotta do this again.." Lalna stated, turning his head towards Xephos and looking into his eyes.

"Maybe sometime not in the near future..." Xephos said, raising his pruned hand out of the water. "I look like a raisin now!"

Lalna laughed at the state of their hands and feet and leaned over and gave Xephos cheek a kiss. "Your my raisin.."

Credit to Jesterbub on Ao3

Helping Hand (N)

TW: Smut. Dubious Content. Tekkit.

Xephos' stomach growled. He had been hard at work on the newest addition to the machine wall, and standing back, he realised he couldn't remember when he last ate. He stretched, his shoulder blades edging towards each other as he groaned. Looking up through the factory lights, he saw the sun directly above; it was noon. Every so often he'd snatch glances of Lalna's labcoat as he moved between sorting machines, entirely engrossed in tweaking and retweaking the system.

"Do you want any lunch, friend?" Xephos called up to the scientist.

"Nah, I'm alright thanks," Lalna answered distractedly, scratching his head as he stared into the newest sorter, watching their materials being divided and flung into the pipes.

Xephos nodded, forgetting that Lalna couldn't see him, and headed out the factory door. The sun felt warm on his back, but he barely noticed, looking toward the swamps, and the shore of Pig Island just visible in the mist on the horizon. As his hand touched the door handle to the back of the work shed, he stopped, the vague memory of a dream shifting without warning across his thoughts. He shook his head as if to clear it, and snatches of the remembrance came back to him - ruddy cheeks; soft red hair emerging from an iron helmet; broad, muscular shoulders.

He opened the door, making a beeline for the chests, and taking some bread off the top of a precarious pile stacked in one corner. Sitting down on his bed, he picked at the crust absently, trying to dredge the rest of the dream from his mind. Honeydew's face rose to the surface, his eyes closed, the sound of his voice not speaking in words, only noises.

Xephos sighed, looking to the dwarf's large bed across the room. Honeydew spent all his time on Pig Island, but for as long as he'd been absent, Xephos

had been plagued by the dwarf in his dreams. Sometimes he'd wake up with his hand outstretched, opening his eyes to the sober dawn light when his fingers closed on nothing more than cold sheets. That morning had been different, and he put down the bread, raking his fingers through his hair, trying to bring more of the dream into the daylight. It had seemed so real; Honeydew's body against his, the smell of him filling Xephos' nostrils, the dwarf's strong hands gripping his skin. Xephos had woken up with his cock hard, his sweat sticking him to the blankets. He had fumbled to hide it as Lalna bustled obliviously around the room, absorbed in his morning routine. Thinking of it now, Xephos looked down and was unsurprised to find his groin bulging, a soft throbbing rising in his body. He peered out the window. The sorting machine would keep Lalna occupied for hours, he reasoned with himself, unbuckling his belt and tugging down his trousers. The scientist wouldn't miss him for a little longer yet. Xephos grasped his cock, letting his mind wander to his dream, desperately imagining it was Honeydew's fingers around his member rather than his own. He quickened his pace, his eyes dipping shut as he tried to block out all other thoughts but the sensation, and the image of the dwarf before him.

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Lalna scratched his head, looking down at the growing contents of the "Unsorted" chest and spying things he was sure he'd found a place for. He flew down to adjust the sorter below, but when he dug through his pockets he recalled with a huff that Xephos had borrowed the correct wrench. He looked down over the factory floor, his hand on the scaffolding. How long had Xephos been gone?, Lalna wondered, rubbing his eyes. He flew down and eyed the debris Xephos had left beside the machine wall; stray wires, coal dust, and a single carbon plate leant against the pipes, but no wrench. He headed out the door and to the work shed, wondering if the man had fallen asleep. He'd certainly been odd that morning, dazed somehow. Lalna opened the back door without knocking, and Xephos' voice met his ears, though softer than he'd ever heard it, a raw whimper: "Honeydew..."

Lalna stopped dead when he saw him; the man's arm moving quickly, and his spine taut. Lalna blushed, realising immediately what he was doing, but unable to look away. A split-second later, Xephos turned his head, his eyes

suddenly wide as his cheeks went bright red. He stuttered as he moved to stand, nearly tripping forward as he dragged up his trousers.

"Nice lunchbox," Lalna said, failing to stifle a laugh.

"Oh shut up," Xephos mumbled as he tried uselessly to refasten his trousers.

"Must've been a great sandwich," Lalna teased, biting his lip as he smirked.

Xephos scowled at him, his cheeks burning. He hunched his back to hide his aching cock as he hurried out of the room, hearing the scientist break into hopeless giggles as the door shut behind him.

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Xephos busied himself in the factory, not daring to make eye contact with Lalna. When the scientist returned, Xephos stared unblinkingly at the pipes as they funnelled coal dust. He heard Lalna stop behind him, pausing for a few seconds as if to say something, before he flew up to the sorting machine. When Xephos heard him resume his work upstairs, he breathed a sigh of relief. As the day wore on, the two didn't speak, sticking determinedly to their separate tasks.

When night fell, Xephos made his way back to the shed, and hearing the footsteps, Lalna quietly followed. As the scientist touched down behind him at the shed door, Xephos held it open for him, awkwardly avoiding his gaze. Lalna nodded his thanks as he walked through, and began to empty his pockets into a chest. He turned and watched as Xephos stood cocking his head, looking through the south windows towards Pig Island, his face etched with worry.

"He'll snap out of it eventually," Lalna said softly.

"Hmm?" Xephos mumbled.

"Honeydew," Lalna clarified. "He'll come back."

Xephos turned to look at the scientist for the first time since the afternoon. "Is it that obvious?" he asked.

"Yeah, a bit," Lalna smiled.

Xephos sighed, looking down Honeydew's bed wistfully. "But where is he sleeping? If he's even sleeping at all."

"He'll have found somewhere," Lalna answered. "He'll be alright."

"I could just make sure..." Xephos said, moving towards the door.

Lalna stood in his way, putting his hands on Xephos' shoulders. "He'll be alright," he repeated.

"But-" Xephos started, his brow furrowing as he imagined the dwarf besieged by creepers.

"He will," Lalna said firmly, dipping his head to look at Xephos, forcing him to make eye contact. "Why don't you just tell him?"

Xephos looked back at him. "What?"

"That you like him."

"Of course I like him, h-he's a friend-"

"I mean, *like him*, like him," Lalna interrupted, raising his eyebrows to stress his words.

"Oh. W-well..." Xephos stammered.

"I heard you, Xeph'. Earlier..." Lalna trailed off, not needing to remind the man.

Xephos' face reddened as he looked away, his shoulders tensing under the scientist's hands. Feeling the skin firm, Lalna rubbed the muscles with his fingers, and Xephos let his eyes fall closed for a moment, his head lolling slightly as he stretched into Lalna's touch.

"You really need to relax," Lalna said.

Xephos opened his eyes, lifting his head to speak, but before he could reply Lalna nudged him gently backwards, and he collapsed onto Honeydew's bed, the dwarf's scent bursting from the blankets. Lalna wasted no time, leaning over the man before he could regain his bearings, their noses nearly close enough to touch. He ran the back of his hand lightly over Xephos' groin, the man's breath faltering on his cheek.

"Lalna, this isn't-" Xephos began, gulping suddenly when the scientist's fingers circled the tip of his cock, the fabric stretching as he began to harden. "Lalna, stop it," he said, attempting to sound authoritative, but his voice shook as his pulse shuddered through his member.

Lalna smiled broadly. "Just close your eyes Xeph'," he whispered, adding with a snigger, "Pretend I'm someone else."

"But-" Xephos started. Whenever he moved, Honeydew's smell wafted from the bed, and his thoughts dismantled as he breathed in, fantasy taking over as Lalna's touch blurred into Honeydew's.

"No wonder you can't concentrate in the factory," Lalna teased, moving two fingers up the length of Xephos' cock as it pressed against his trousers. "You'd be more efficient if you relaxed once in a while."

Xephos' eyes flicked between the windows and the door. "H-he could be b-back at any minute," he managed.

Lalna all but rolled his eyes. "Stop worrying, Xeph', you're always worrying. Just enjoy it." Lalna moved his hand to undo Xephos' trousers, working them down his thighs.

"It releases endorphins, you'll get a natural high," Lalna continued as he began to stroke the length of Xephos' cock with the lightest of touches. "It's basic science, really," he concluded with a grin.

Xephos' breathing began to stagger as Lalna's fingertips tantalised him. Lalna watched as the man lost himself to the feeling, slowly surrendering as the scientist curled his hand fully around Xephos' member. Lalna moved to lower his head, licking carefully at the tip of the man's cock, spurred on as

he whimpered. He was precise, his tongue lingering just for long enough that Xephos grasped at the bed sheets. When the man's thighs were tense against Lalna's chest, he finally let his lips close around Xephos' member, his tongue continuing to toy with it as he sucked gently. He focused on the tip, just bobbing his head every few seconds to push it against the back of his throat as Xephos filled his mouth.

Xephos' hips rose suddenly from the bed as he came, his body arching into a tight curve. His cum jolted into Lalna's mouth as he trembled, his nerve endings all firing at once. Lalna swallowed, his throat closing on the head of Xephos' cock, drawing out his orgasm ever further.

Xephos' went slowly limp, gratefully sinking back onto the bed as he caught his breath. Lalna gave him one last careful lick to clean off the last of his cum, making the man shudder with pleasure, before the scientist laid on his side next to Xephos, smiling at him.

"I told you," Lalna whispered, "You have to relax."

Xephos lifted his shaking hand and rested it on Lalna's cheek, before he raised his head and kissed him. Lalna blinked for a moment in surprise before he returned Xephos' affection, the man's tongue cautiously searching out his own.

Xephos pulled back softly. "Thanks, friend," he breathed. "God, I needed that."

"Any time," Lalna chuckled quietly.

"I'll return the favour, whenever you need it. Just say the word," Xephos said, meeting Lalna's eyes.

"You don't need to," Lalna replied gently. "Just tell him, alright?"

Xephos looked down at the sheets between them.

"Please?" Lalna asked again.

"Oh alright," Xephos agreed, begrudgingly.

"You promise?"

"Yes, yes, I promise," Xephos muttered.

Lalna beamed and Xephos smiled back at him.

"That was your plan all along, wasn't it?" Xephos said, the realisation dawning on him.

Lalna just grinned as he stood up, and walked over to his bed. "Goodnight Xeph'," he said, still smiling, as the man lay watching him, shaking his head as he laughed.

Credit to myranium(keyholes) on Ao3

All-Nighter (S)

TW: Set in Tekkit

Xephos yawned as he sat on his bed in the dawn light, his sheets temptingly warm. He looked over to Honeydew's large bed, not surprised that it remained unslept-in again. The dwarf had taken to camping on Pig Island full-time, only appearing to feverishly make stacks of wool, mumbling always about pigs. Xephos sighed, thinking of it. His friend had always had a weakness for cute things, and it was quite a sight to see the strong dwarf suddenly drop his battle axe and melt in a gushing cascade of "AWW!"s at whatever had caught his eye this time, but even for him, this was getting obsessive.

Xephos looked to Lalna's bed, similarly untouched, and scratched his head. Not another case of pig madness, he thought, cringing at the idea.

He got dressed, straightening out his bed so it matched the others, brushing out the creases with a satisfied flourish. Walking the short distance to the factory, he checked the saner of the two noticeboards as he passed. A new sign had been tacked to the side that read in Lalna's cramped script: "Redstone."

As Xephos entered the factory the machine wall whirred away, fed by the sunshine and the quarries burrowing ever deeper beneath them. He flew to the open top floor, and found Lalna slumped over a crystal chest, snoring gently. Xephos smiled, touching down beside him, and resting his hand gently on the scientist's shoulder.

Lalna jumped awake, blinking at the sudden light.

"You've got to stop doing this, friend," Xephos said.

"I'm fine," Lalna replied, getting his bearings. "I-I just need to finish this."

"Why don't you get some sleep? I can work on the sorting machine," Xephos offered.

"Er," Lalna hesitated. Xephos' track record with machinery wasn't in his favour. "Well..."

"Look, you're half-asleep. Go to bed. I can handle it."

"But-" Lalna started.

"Go." Xephos said firmly.

Lalna sighed, reluctantly giving in.

"By the way, what's that thing on the board, something about redstone?" Xephos asked.

"Oh that," Lalna said heavily. "Honeydew condensed all our redstone to make wool, and now there's none left."

"None at all?" Xephos stared at the chests around them despairingly.

"Nope." Lalna confirmed. "And it'll be ages before our quarries get that deep."

"Urgh," Xephos grunted.

"I need to make one more sorter, so if you're working on the machine, I'll go mining," Lalna said.

"Lalna, you need sleep," Xephos said, crossing his arms.

"Nah, I'll be fine," Lalna dismissed him. "I'll just go down the quarry in the basement, and into that chasm, there's bound to be some down there."

Xephos frowned, he had the distinct feeling this was a bad idea, but before he could say anything, the scientist flew down the hole to the lower floors, and disappeared down the ladder. Xephos got to work, looking through the chest marked Unsorted, and sighing heavily. There was so much to do.

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Lalna rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he landed in the chasm, its rough walls towering over him on either side. He stepped over a narrow stream of lava, and spotted a dark cave leading away behind it. He placed a torch at the entrance, trying to peer in, but saw only blackness. With a gulp, he walked in, one hand against the cool stone, as much to keep him upright as to guide him, leaving a trail of torches as he went.

The cave system snaked steadily downward. It was untouched, and Lalna passed countless gleaming veins of iron and copper, searching for a glimpse of scarlet dust, shaking his head every time his eyelids drifted shut. After what seemed like an eternity, Lalna placed a torch and a dead end stared resolutely back at him. He turned to begin the return journey, a frustrated breath escaping his lips, when he suddenly spied a glint of redstone high up in the wall. He grinned and hovered up to it, pulling out his emerald pick and plunging it into the block, cleaving it in two.

"Ahh yeah," he declared with a grin, catching the cluster of redstone dust in his hand, and stowing it in his pocket. His pick still shook slightly with the force of the blow, and examining it, Lalna realised it was very nearly spent; the emerald was badly cracked, and of all the things he carried in his pockets, covalence dust wasn't one of them. He cursed himself for not repairing it before he left, but then stopped for a moment, sure he'd heard something. He looked up cautiously at the stone above him, and a low rumbling noise met his ears. He fell back as a colossal mass of gravel collapsed into the cavern, blocking his way out.

Lalna coughed in the dust cloud that had engulfed him as he grasped the wall to stand up, his muscles leaden with exhaustion. He frowned at the gravel, searching through his pack for his shovel. Grasping its handle, a bright glow shone back at him reflected in its smooth surface. He spun around, seeing lava flowing down over the gravel. Jumping back in alarm, he fumbled for his pick and started a rough staircase out of the stone. He had barely made it four steps when his pick shattered, the emerald fragments scattering around his feet.

"Bloody hell," he cursed, as the lava lapped against the bottom step, trapping him in. "Now what?" he asked himself.

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Xephos lifted his head out of the crystal chest, banging it on the lid. He swore under his breath, rubbing his scalp, but stood for a moment, listening. He heard nothing, but felt the floor shiver under him, faint reverberations running through the soles of his shoes. He climbed the scaffolding, and looked over the landscape for something amiss, but only the familiar buildings and green hills met his eyes, falling away to the swamps and sea beyond. He slid back down, and peered over the factory floor. Even with the machine wall ticking away, it seemed eerily quiet. How long had he been working, he wondered. He tipped his head skyward, searching for the sun; it was mid-afternoon already. Lalna should have been back by now.

He flew down the ladder, his hands barely touching the rungs, and into the hatch to the basement. Hovering over the old quarry, he searched for signs of life, but saw only bedrock, its little gasps of smoke rising lazily into the air before dissipating. He passed over the chasm, going back and forth, but finding nothing. He was ready to give up when he saw it; a single torch, its small light overcome by the lava outflow beside it. Xephos headed towards it, finding a cave extending behind it, torches haphazardly marking the way into the depths. Following them, he went ever deeper, the glow from the lava flow he had passed was a long forgotten memory when he found himself facing a sheer wall of gravel, small stones still trickling down and throwing up dust.

He pulled out his shovel and got to work. Flint tore at his hands, but he carried on, praying he wouldn't trigger another collapse. He realised suddenly that the gravel was getting warmer. He touched it with the back of his hand, and yanked it away with a yelp, shaking it hard to cool it. Xephos stood back, and prodded the gravel ahead gingerly with the tip of his shovel, making a small hole. Lava trickled thickly through it, gathering on the floor of the tunnel, a pool of liquid heat. Taking a deep breath, Xephos jabbed the gravel ahead hard; he felt his shovel reach the other side before he pulled it back quickly, and lava flooded in. He backed out of the tunnel, grabbing his pick, and began mining a small stack of cobblestone. Holding

the blocks at arm's length, he hurried back to the lava, and plugged the flow as best he could, aiming them upward into the shocking brightness, his other arm shielding his face as he felt his eyebrows singeing, the smell of burning filling his nose.

Finally, the lava slowly stopped, just a handful of escapee globs dripping through the seams of the cobblestone. Xephos blinked, the light in the cave reduced to a single torch ahead of him. He clambered through the gap, finding a little hole carved into the stone, Lalna's boots just visible poking out of it.

"Lalna!" he exclaimed in relief, cramming into the tight staircase next to the scientist, promptly realising he was fast asleep. "I told you to go to bed," Xephos whispered, smiling.

Xephos lifted Lalna carefully into his arms as he slept on, and carried him back through the tunnel. He hovered, and flew the rest of the way down the cavern, ducking his head, until the chasm stretched out above him, and he turned right into the old quarry. He flew up and out of the basement, past the factory floor, and up past the sorting machine into the open air. The sun was setting, the sky ablaze with pink and orange. The breeze was soft against Xephos' face, and he smiled, glad to be free of the claustrophobia and darkness below.

He landed softly beside the work shed, nudging open the door with his arm before walking in sideways, careful not to knock Lalna's feet. Xephos placed the scientist carefully onto his bed, and looked down at his sleeping face; he was covered in dust and dirt. Xephos rummaged through the chests as quietly as he could, searching for a woollen towel and a bucket. Pulling them out triumphantly, he slipped outside and washed his hands in the river before he filled the bucket from just upstream, carrying it back with infinitesimal care, not spilling a single drop. He sat on the side of Lalna's bed, putting the full bucket down beside him, and plunging the towel in. He wrung it out methodically, shaking the reticent drops from the edges, and gently wiped Lalna's brow. Lalna's eyes flickered slowly open.

"What time is it?" Lalna asked, his voice thick with sleep.

"Nearly night," Xephos answered, wondering if Lalna would remember this conversation tomorrow.

"Oh," Lalna said simply. "Okay."

His eyes sunk closed again, and Xephos smiled, shaking his head. He dabbed at Lalna's face, taking off the worst of the dirt. Leaning forward, he kissed Lalna's forehead, mumbling "Sleep well, friend."

Xephos turned to stand, but Lalna took his hand. "Stay?" he whispered in question.

"But I need to go and empty this," Xephos said, looking down at the now murky water.

"Please?" Lalna asked.

Xephos eyed the half-awake scientist, and sighed wearily. "Alright," he said, resting the towel at the edge of the bucket.

Lalna shifted over to the far side of the bed, and tugged at Xephos' hand. Xephos raised his eyebrows, but let himself be pulled downward, so he lay beside Lalna.

"Friend..." Xephos started.

"Shh, you're warm," Lalna said, wrapping his arms around Xephos, his face settling into a soft smile.

Xephos tentatively returned Lalna's embrace, stroking his hair as the scientist nodded off, with Xephos not far behind as his eyes struggled to stay open, cocooned in the shared warmth of their bodies.

Credit to myranium (keyholes) on Ao3

Blame It On The Mistletoe (N)

TW: RPF

It all started with Jack Daniels and mistletoe. After the first nightly stream of the Christmas charity for the bees, Lewis was waysted. It was in the middle between wasted and tipsy, which meant he could control some of the things he was doing. Being the first night he got a little carried away with the Jack Daniels. With the whole decorating Duncan's castle on the tekkit server and the color disagreement between the fans, Duncan, and him, he really needed those drinks. Though now they had gotten to his head and he wasn't very stable.

Since Lewis and Duncan were the last people to leave the Yogtowers from the nightly stream, they were the last to lock up, which is hard when you're drunk.

Fumbling with the keys to the building and what was left of the bottle of Jack, Lewis finally locked up the front door and turned around to the huddled up Duncan standing a few paces away. Duncan was in his warm lightly patterned Christmas sweater that didn't have any of the annoying reindeers and Santa or all the Christmas deserts and treats all over the arms and chest. He also wore a bright red scarf that was rapped twice around his neck in order to keep warm from the chilly Bristol air. Along with his normal soft washed jeans and old sneakers, Duncan was warm and comfortable.

Lewis was dressed in a Christmas sweater that defiantly should not be out in day light. The sweater was black, white and red, the red being big red stars on the stomach of the sweater and big white stripes wrapping around the waist around to the back of the sweater with his faded jeans and his sneakers. On top of Lewis's head was the Christmas hat that looked like Christmas pudding.

Duncan gave a sigh of relief that they could finally leave and go home. Lewis started his slightly staggered walk down the road and Duncan fallowed behind.

Looking over at Duncan, Lewis looked at the ginger hair that messily blew around in the chilly wind.

"You need a haircut.." Lewis commented, continuing walking along side Duncan. He heard a deep chuckle and felt a tug on the bottle of Jack in his hand. Letting go he felt the bottle being removed from his hands. He looked over at Duncan who now had the bottle in his hand and watch him take a gulp.

"Yeah... but I'm too lazy with all this work and editing I gotta do on my channel..." Duncan answered, handing back over the bottle to Lewis.

"Well..." Lewis took his turn with the bottle and took a gracious gulp from the bottle. "...Think about it at some point.."

"Well.. what about you and that Christmas pudding hat of yours? When are you gonna get that thing off?!" Duncan answered back, reaching his hand up and taking the pudding hat off of Lewis's head.

"Hey! That was a gift from Hannah!" Lewis exclaimed, swiping it back from Duncan.

Finally reaching Duncan's apartment, they both stopped at the front door. Lewis shoved the pudding hat back on his head and slowly turned toward Duncan who was near his door. They looked at each other's semi tired complexions and cold cheeks.

"I should be going now..." Lewis said, clenching his fist around the almost empty Jack bottle. He smiled and gave a cheery wave to Duncan and turned around to start walking.

"w-wait! Lewis!" Lewis stopped in his tracks and turned to face Duncan. "Why don't you stay over...I mean your apartment is a bit of a walk...and its late." Duncan exclaimed.

Lewis looked at Duncan's rosy cheeks. "Um...Sure Duncan...That would be nice" Lewis answered. Hannah probably wouldn't like it if he woke her up this late at night, so staying at Duncan's sounded like a good plan.

Smiling at Lewis, Duncan turned around to his apartment door, and pulled out his keys from his pocket and opened his door. "well, comeon in then." Duncan said cheerily as he walked into his apartment.

Lewis gave a smile and followed in behind Duncan into his apartment. Lewis looked around at the semi spacious apartment. There was a small Christmas tree in the corner of the house that lite up the room slightly with the coordinating red, green, blue, and yellow lights.

Closing the door behind them, Duncan pulled off his scarf and sweater, hung it on the hanger behind the door, and walked into his apartment.

Lewis followed suit, pulling off his ugly Christmas sweater and hanging it next to Duncan's. Lewis left his pudding hat on and walked into the dim room. "That's a lovely Christmas tree you've got there Duncan" Lewis said, walking through the threshold into the living room.

Both stopped underneath the threshold to the living room to admire the Christmas tree in the corner. But neither took notice of the mistletoe hanging above them.

Looking around the room at the lights and decorated walls Lewis finally looked up above at the threshold and saw the mistletoe.

"Oh..." Lewis exclaimed, looking down at Duncan who was till admiring his perfect tree.

"Wah...Oh.." looking up where Lewis had looked he saw the mistletoe hanging there. "Well...this is a predicament" he answered nervously looking back over at Duncan.

"Well...we should.." before Duncan could finish his sentence Lewis leaned over and softly kissed Duncan on the lips, holding it for a second or so then leaned back out.

Duncan looked straight into Lewis eyes and light blush crept onto his face.

"Well. It is back luck if you don't kiss under the mistletoe.." Lewis answered sheepishly and scratching the back of his head awkwardly.

Duncan snapped out of his daze and looked to the side at the glowing tree.

Lewis saw Duncan's awkwardness and walked forward the few steps that are left and pulled the man into a hug.

"Duncan...its ok, this doesn't change anything between us! It's just a kiss under the mistletoe!" Lewis answered rubbing and patting Duncan's back in comfort.

"sure...just a kiss."

Finally releasing from the hug, Lewis walked over the couch and fell down on it, pulling the afghan from top of the sofa onto his body and grabbing one of the fluffy couch cushion pillows. "Good night Duncan, see you in the morning..."

Duncan was still standing under the archway of the mistletoe looking over at Lewis soon to be sleeping body.

Duncan's mind raced with thoughts, one in particular that this was not just a kiss to him. He really liked Lewis, but knew he couldn't have Lewis because he was with Hannah.

Slowly getting out of the reverie he slowly entered the slightly jarred door next to the tree which was his bedroom. Entering it he softly shut the door so he wouldn't wake Lewis and changed into his night clothes and crawled into bed.

Duncan's mind raced with thoughts of what transpired just a few moments ago. Lewis had kissed him, and Duncan didn't even jump at the chance of letting Lewis know how he felt.

Curling up into a ball, Duncan fell into a restless sleep.

In the morning Duncan got up and did his morning routine, which was make coffee and drink said coffee. His mind was fuzzy from last night's stream and anything of great significance was forgotten and all memory's lost of that night all because he had drank too much.

And Lewis, they had walked home together. Hopefully Hannah wasn't too angry at Lewis arriving to their apartment late at night.

Getting up from bed he walked out of his bedroom into the living room and across into the connected kitchen. Flipping the switch the coffee maker burst to life, making its dripping and hissing sounds as hot coffee drizzled into the glass pot.

Walking to the fridge, Duncan opened it and observed the bareness of it. Half a carton of milk and few sliced of bread. Pulling out the carton of milk, Duncan closed the fridge and opened one of the cabinets pulled out a mug with 'SCIENTIST' written on it in capital letter. The mug was a birthday gift from last year. Pouring the now done coffee into his mug he pulled out the sugar and added a bit of the milk. With the coffee in hand he leaned back onto the counter, mug in hand and took a little sip.

"Muhhhh..."

A noise from the living room could be heard which almost scared the crap out of Duncan. Duncan grasped his coffee tightly and shrank into the corner of the kitchen. 'Who is in my living room' Duncan thought, setting his coffee down and walking slowly to the doorway that led to the living room.

Peering out of the doorway he saw a bundled person in his couch with his afghan. Duncan wasn't even prepared for this situation. He had no shirt on and his long flannel pants with little beakers as the print. Another gift from his birthday.

Tiptoeing slowly to the couch when he got close enough he saw a pudding hat laying on the ground next to a pile of clothes.

"Lewis..?" Duncan asked out loud.

"Meh...Duncan...do you have any pain killers.." a voice from under the afghan asked.

Duncan gave a sigh of relief and ran into his bedroom and grabbed some Advil and a cup of water from the sink. Returning with the items to the living room he saw Lewis' head now above the afghan and his eye were closed, he also had a really bad case of bed head. Coming around to Lewis' side he set the pills and water down on the coffee table and walked back into the kitchen.

"Would you like some coffee Lewis?" Duncan asked, opening the cabinet to the mugs.

"Yes please...little cream and 2 scoops of sugar" Lewis answered.

Pulling out a mug with stars printed on it, he poured another cup of coffee and added the sugar and milk. Walking with his cup and Lewis' cup into the living room he didn't expect to see what he saw.

Lewis' was sitting up on the couch in only his boxes, Duncan watched as Lewis' took his pills and drank the entire glass of water. Duncan would have dropped the two cups of piping hot coffee if he didn't have a harsh grip on them.

The doorbell rang which woke Duncan out of his reverie and he set down Lewis' and his cup on the coffee table, sliding Lewis' cup closer to him, and went to the door.

Before opening it he pulled on a robe he kept near the door and peeped through the peep hole.

Opening the door, an older woman was standing outside in the slightly chilly morning air with a wrapped plate in her hand. It was Duncan's landlady, Granny Bacon.

"Good morning dearie! I just came by to drop off a big plate of breakfast for you!" She said as she handed Duncan warm wrapped plate.

"Oh...Thank you Mrs. Bacon.." Duncan answered smiling slightly from the kind gesture.

"I know you haven't been to the store in a couple of days to buy food, and since I love cooking for people I thought why not! And please dear call me Granny Bacon!"

"Thanks again Granny Bacon" Duncan answered

A rustling noise could be heard from the living room and a cry of 'oww'.

"Who do you have over Duncan?" Granny Bacon asked, leaning over to the side of the doorway to look inside Duncan's house.

"Oh that's just.."

"oh...Is that your boyfriend Duncan! He is very handsome...Goodmorning!!" Granny Bacon yelled into the house.

"uh...good morning.." Lewis answered, seeing that someone was at the door he pulled the afghan up and around his body.

Duncan blushed and face palmed.

"Hes uh...not.."

"Oh dearie! Don't be shy! Granny Bacon is open to everything and all! Now...have a wonderful morning and remember to go shopping...and maybe a haircut as well dearie! Ta-tah!" Before Duncan could answer Granny Bacon walked down the stairs and to her own flat right down the way.

Shutting the door softly he turned around only to come face to face with Lewis.

"Who was that Duncan?" Lewis asked, looking down and eye the plate that was giving off yummy breakfast smells.

"That's my landlady Granny Bacon..." Duncan answered, his eyes wandered down Lewis' wrapped up body.

"And she made breakfast..?"

"Yeah...she does that sometime..." Duncan answered, scratching the top of his head.

Turning around Lewis went back into the living room and Duncan followed right behind.

Opening the plate covered in tinfoil there was sausage and a big pile of eggs, enough for two people to eat. Getting up and walking into the kitchen he grabbed 2 forks and knifes and some napkins.

Sitting back down on the couch they dug into their meal in silence.

When the food was all gone, Lewis got up letting the afghan drop from around his waist leaving him in his boxers and took the plate and empty mugs to the kitchen.

Duncan watched Lewis walk into the kitchen and threw the paper plate and foil in the trash and washed the mugs. Duncan looked at Lewis' boxers which had little reindeers printed on it. Duncan giggled and rested back onto the couch, shutting his eyes for a minute. Images suddenly flashed through his mind from last night. Locking up and leaving Yogtowers for the night, walking home to Duncan's apartment, inviting Lewis to stay over so he didn't wake Hannah, and the kiss under the mistletoe. A flush spread across Duncan cheek and he remembered Lewis leaning over and kissing him.

"Um..Duncan..you ok there?"

Duncan's thinking was interrupted as he looked up at the boxer clad Lewis

"Uh. Yeah, just fine Lewis.." Duncan answered.

"Alright well...I should be heading off, Hanna is gonna have my head cause I didn't come back last night." Grabbing his clothes off the ground he started to put them on.

Duncan turned away, giving Lewis some privacy to change.

Finally changed, Lewis toed on his shoes. "Thanks for letting me stay over Duncan. You're a real pal."

Walking toward the door, he grabbed his sweater from the door and started the grueling task of pulling it over his head. Duncan watched the struggle Duncan was having and giggled silently to himself. Turning his head and looking at the afghan that lay on the floor he noticed the pudding hat lying on the ground.

"Hey Lewis! You're pudding hat!" Leaning down to grab it he it got up from the couch and walked over to Lewis who had finally fit the sweeter over his head.

"Oh thanks Duncan!"

Duncan took both side of the hat and pulled it down onto Lewis' bed head, hiding the messy hair.

Both of them stood and smiled at each other, oblivious to the fact that they were under the same archway with the mistletoe.

Finally looking up Duncan saw the mistletoe. Looking back down he looked into Lewis' smiling face and leaned forward and kissed him. Duncan put all his passion into this kiss even if it only lasted a couple of second. Duncan pulled back and looked into Lewis' blushing face.

"Um...I uh...should be going. Thank you Duncan..." Lewis turned and walked to the door, opening it softly and closing it behind him.

Duncan watched as Lewis left and walked slowly back into the living room and sat on the couch.

"Dame Jack Daniels..." Duncan growled out, when really he should be blaming the mistletoe.

~Chapter Two:

The kiss, mistletoe, and Lewis. That is all Duncan could remember from that fateful start of his Christmas. Lewis since then had not talked to him at

all, unless it was stream related business or something to do with tekkit.

The tekkit series had gotten a bit awkward since then and when on the Christmas stream together, Lewis would just forget Duncan was even there. Lewis had even missed some of the streams they were booked to be together in.

Sitting in his office Duncan looked at his computer screen where Minecraft was running and let out a sigh. He hadn't slept much since that day and his hair was messy and his clothing choice wasn't his usual. All he could think about was leaning over and kissing those pouting lips and tasting Lewis.

"Lewis..." Duncan said silently under his breath to himself.

Leaning back in his chair and giving it a whirl, Duncan was trying to forget all these memories and thoughts. Concentrating on clearing his mind, he paid no attention to the women standing at the door.

"Duncan..what are you doing?" The voice asked.

Duncan almost jumped out of his whirling chair and turned fast to look at Hannah standing at the door with her hands on her hips.

"Duncan you look a mess..are you taking care of yourself??" Hannah asked, walking fully into Duncan's office and shutting the door silently. Hannah sat on a chair just adjacent to Duncan and crossed her arms and legs.

Duncan looked at Hannah's face and saw that she wanted an explanation.

Huffing slightly he turned to his computer and looked down at the key board.

"Hannah...I can't tell you it's just....to.."

"Duncan! Were mates! You can tell me anything..." Hanna said as she leaned over and grabbed ahold of Duncan's shoulder and whirled him around to face her.

"Hannah...its...its about Lewis..I.."

Hannah stopped Duncan before he could continue.

"Duncan...I know you like Lewis..."

Duncan looked straight into Hannah's eye for answers, signs of hatred or disgust but none were upon her face. Duncan would have thought Hannah would have been furious to think her mate had feelings for her current boyfriend.

Duncan sighed and looked down at his tattered sneakers.

"How...when..." Duncan asked silently. Removing his hands from the chairs arm rest to his lap he started to fiddle his thumbs around.

"Duncan..." He heard and felt two arms encircle him and a silent whisper next to his ear.

"Duncan...go....I won't stop you. Just know that we will always be friends..." She said and pulled away. Standing up she reached for the door handle and stopped before turning the knob.

"Duncan...he dose like you...the heart tells no lies..." Hannah said before opening and shutting the door.

Duncan looked at the now shut door and looked up at the little window that was on the door looking into the hallway and saw Lewis pass by.

Silently shocked he jumped back into his place at the desk and went back to work on his computer.

He heard the silent click of his door being opened. Looking up Duncan saw Lewis standing there with a soft smile on his face.

"Party here tonight Duncan for the New Years! You up for it?" Lewis asked while leaning against the frame of the door.

Duncan looked up at Lewis' smiling face and gave a silent nod.

"Good! Uh...You have the day off...go get cleaned up. I'll see you later." Lewis said smiling and turning back to the hallway and walked away.

Turning again back to his computer he looked at his flowing rainbow screen saver and shut it off.

'How could I forget about the New Years party tonight...' Duncan thought as he got up and packed his bag. Leaving his office he walked out of Yogtowers and waved his hand for a taxi. Jumping in he told his address and silently thought about what needed to be done before the party tonight.

ARRIVING AT THE PARTY

Duncan had put on his best new black jeans he got for himself at a big department store and a nice white button up shirt with a dress vest over the top.

Looking at himself in the tall mirror out in the hallway he thought to himself 'well...at least I'll look nice if things don't follow through..'

Fidgeting with his vest he heard a car horn beep outside. Grabbing a coat off the coat hanger and throwing it on he walked outside his apartment into the slightly snowy air. You couldn't see the snow but you could feel it sting your cheeks slightly.

Walking to the car he jumped in only to feel two arms encircle him.

"Duncan! You look hot...don't worry everything will be just fine.."

Looking over he looked into Hannah's eye with all seriousness and gulped. Thoughts ran through his head about a friendship that would be ruined forever if this didn't go right. A bond would be severed, and maybe even a business thrown in the trash.

The arms around him went back to the steering wheel. Looking out into the cold night air, his mind wandered off to a day dream of the night he had with Lewis. The kiss. The mistletoe. Lewis.

Duncan didn't take notice that they parked in the Yogtowers' parking lot and that Hannah had already gotten out. Adjusting his shirt and appearance in the car mirror he got out of the car which automatically locked when the door was shut and walked into the office.

Tinsel decorations were hanging off of walls and confetti was already all over the ground. It wasn't even close to midnight, it was just about two hours away.

Walking into the stream room which had now turned into the party central room he hung is coat on the rack. Booz lined the tables and drinks were being mixed and little snacked in Christmas shaped bowls sat in sporadic parts of the room.

Taking a drink that Tom handed him (better known as Sparklez*) he took noticed that Lewis was nowhere around. Chris and Paul (Sips and Sjin)were hanging out in the corner as normal talking to themselves about their Tekkit series. Hanna was playing Just Dance against Martyn who was utterly failing. And Strippin was watching in content at Martyn's booty shaking. Simon was on the stream entertaining the fellow yognauts with cat songs, but no Lewis in sight. Taking a sip he walked out and went to look for him.

Walking down the long hallway he came across Lewis' closed office door. Lewis normally left his office door open when it was just everyone hanging out. They all had nothing to hide...right?

Grabbing the handle, Duncan silently opened the door to the dark room and peeped in only to see no one in the office. Walking fully in to make sure that Lewis wasn't hiding under the bed like some drunk idiot he heard the door behind him shut softly.

MEANWHILE

Hannah gave a worried glance at Duncan's departure into the Hallway, and then saw Lewis enter into the party room and cheer loudly. Stepping away from the game platform she motioned for Lewis to come out in the Hallway with her.

"Hannah! Isn't this great! This will be a great night! And.."

Before he could continue he saw the frown on Hannah's face.

"What's wrong...?" Lewis' asked, putting his hands into his jean pockets. He was wearing a dark green long sleeve and his hair was in its normal fashion.

"Duncan. That's what's wrong.."

Looking down at his shoes he thought about the night with Duncan. The mistletoe. The kiss. He didn't mean to kiss Duncan like that all drunk, well he sorta did. He just didn't want to do it while he was drunk. When Duncan kissed him the next day under the mistletoe, he thought it was out of kindness and not love. This left Lewis to think Duncan didn't actually like him and just wanted to be friends, so he left Duncan alone.

"I just kissed him...and I forgot to tell you that...And I lov..." He was stopped mid-sentence by a pair of arms wrapping around him and pulling him into a tight hug.

"Lewis...go to him..." He heard silently from Hannah when she softly let go of the hug.

Lewis looked into her eyes for assurance that what they had between them wouldn't be broken if he went to Duncan, and he only saw the Happiness in Hannah's eye.

Smiling a wide grin he kissed her on the cheek and walked towards the directing he saw Duncan walk towards.

Hannah watched as Lewis walked away and sighed happily. "Job well done.." She said to herself, and walked back into the stream room to party some more.

BACK WITH DUNCAN

Looking around the dark room he sat his now empty cup on the desk and walked towards the window in the office. It was a decent size and they were high enough to see over a few of the roof tops and the streets bellow.

Leaning against it he sighed. 'If things don't work out for me...maybe I'll just leave and get a normal job..' He thought.

Concentrating on the now snowing outside that was blanketing the ground in white he didn't hear the door behind him open and shut softly and footsteps walking towards him.

"Duncan.." a voice said close to the nap of his neck as a pair of arms wrapped around his midsection.

"Lewis! Wah...what are you.." Duncan whispered silently, trying to turn his whole body to face the now present Lewis.

"Shhh..." Lewis said, as placed soft butterfly kisses up and down his neck.

If this was some type of drunken joke or prank Duncan wasn't going have any of this. But the kisses on his neck, and the feeling of hands around his midsection caressing his chest and thigh were so good.

Duncan needed to know though. Pushing back into Lewis he escaped from his grasp and turned around to look at Lewis.

"Lewis...I love you. And ever since the start of Christmas...since when you first kissed me I can't get you out of my head...and I need you to know this before we do anything" He exclaimed out in the open, feeling tears in his eyes.

A smile appeared on Lewis face and he walked forward and grabbed ahold of Duncan chin and kissed his chapped lips. Pulling away Lewis leaned towards his ear and whispered "Duncan...relax..." He said as he placed open mouth kisses down Duncan's neck and started to work on removing Duncan's jacket and unbuttoning his shirt and vest.

Duncan moaned softly but gained a worried look on his face. "Lewis...this is your office! We can't do it in here! What if the others open the door! Or the cleaning lady!" Duncan said, amazed at how quick Lewis was getting his shirt open.

Stopping his movements Lewis looked up from his position and smiled brightly. "Duncan...calm down...I locked the door..." with that said Lewis leaned forward and placed his soft lips on Duncan's nipple, lapping with his tongue over the hardening bud and giving it a powerful suck.

Duncan felt his knees buckle a bit from the feelings and almost fell if it wasn't for the wall behind him that he was currently leaning back on. Leaning against the window Lewis worked on the other nipple, making Duncan moan softly and grabbed on to the soft dark hair on top of Lewis' head.

Duncan could feel his erection pressed hard against his new jeans. Rutting up to get some sort of friction but not getting close to Lewis' body he moaned softly "Lewis please..."

Duncan could feel Lewis smile against his skin on his stomach and felt him work more open mouth kisses down his chest and to the border of his jeans.

Lapping at the edge he took the button in his hands and popped it open slowly, hearing Duncan moan in frustration at the slow pace Lewis was going. Grabbing the zipper and zipping it down Lewis was met immediately with Duncan cock.

Slightly shocked, Lewis looked up at Duncan's blushing and panting face and smirked at it.

"Duncan...do you normally not wear underwear..?" Lewis questioned slyly, giving Duncan's cock slight brushes of his hand in teasing motions.

Duncan didn't answer, not trusting his voice he nodded and moved his pelvis forward so that his cock brushed the bottom of Lewis' slightly stubble chin.

Smiling to himself, Lewis looked back at his prize in front of him and held the cock in both hands, taking the tip into his mouth he sucked lightly.

Duncan didn't know if he would fall over from loss of blood or just faint from the sexiness of Lewis' mouth around his cock.

Duncan gripped the full head of hair tighter and pushed lightly to coax Lewis to get more of the length in his mouth. "More.." Duncan moaned out turning his warm cheek towards the cold window behind him.

Smiling around Duncan's cock he bobbed his head faster around it, gripping one hand around the base and the other squeezing Duncan's still jean clad behind.

His body twitched, feeling the burn in the pit of his stomach. Duncan wanted to hold it out for longer, but it had been so long since he had been with someone, and this was a long awaited event that Duncan could not pass up on.

Gripping Lewis' hair tighter and trying not to yank too hard, Duncan moaned out and came inside Lewis' mouth.

Lewis milked Duncan of every last drop and pulled his sated cock out of his mouth. Gulping down the evidence, Lewis slowly climbed up leaving one or two kissed before reaching Duncan's lips and kissing him roughly.

Duncan's tongue explored, lapping and playing with Lewis' tongue in his mouth. Leaning back Duncan panted softly and saw saliva dribble down Lewis' face and reached up to wipe it away.

"Duncan.." Lewis said, smirking still in Duncan arms.

"Lewis I..."

Before Duncan could continue the door to Lewis' office opened.

"Wow! I am so sorry...we will ...just find another room...right Martyn?"

Lewis and Duncan looked around to the door and saw Martyn and Sam (better known as Strippin) standing at the entrance with their hands connected.

"Uh..Yeah! Sorry guys! Didn't mean to disturb.." Martyn said, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly.

Lewis looked at them grimly and gave them a glare. "And pray tell what were you going to be doing in MY office you two..?" Lewis asked not leaving Duncan's hold.

"Uh.." Martyn looked around the room for answers.

"Goodbye!" Sam said quickly, pulling Martyn with him and shutting the door behind them.

Lewis turned his head toward Duncan and looked into Duncan's amused eyes.

They both burst into hysterics and leaned around each other for support. Once the laughing died down Lewis smiled up at Duncan while zipping and buttoning up his pants.

A soft count down could be heard in the room down the hall. Lewis leaned up at the count of one and kissed Duncan softly on the lips.

'2013...' Duncan thought as the kiss went on. Cheering could be heard and people pulling poppers and blowing horns. Lewis pulled away and said softly "Happy New Year's Duncan...I love you.."

Duncan blushed softly in the dimly lit room and whispered back "And to you...I love you to..."

Credit to Jesterbus on Ao3

Wound Up (N)

TW: Smut

Lalna had been waiting patiently for him all day. He was so busy lately, preoccupied with everything. It was time he took a moment to relax.

So when Xephos finally showed up at his castle doors, Lalna was ready. He had been idly working on his computer to pass the time but kept an eye on the window; before Xephos could even knock, Lalna had already entered the "open" command into his gate's security system.

He poked his head outside the archway instinctively, glancing around to double check there were no witnesses, and he smiled hungrily at Xephos as he pulled him through the doorway by the front of his shirt.

"Lal-" Xephos started before he backed the surprised spaceman into the wall and kissed him happily. Xephos' arms flailed slightly in alarm, but his friend's warm, familiar body pressing into him made him relax slightly under Lalna's lips.

Lalna broke the kiss and Xephos took a breath to respond, but Lalna spoke first.

"Shut up, Xephos."
"Wh-" Xephos was cut off by a smiling Lalna leaning in and kissing him again, this time able to slide his tongue through Xephos' lips, conveniently parted from his attempt at responding.

Xephos pushed at Lalna's shoulder to separate them slightly and said through a laugh, "Lalna, what's come over you, man?"

Lalna wouldn't let him distract from the goal, so he turned to hastily type in the code to close the doors behind them before he returned his attention to Xephos, running a hand across his chest as he kissed down his neck,

responding between pecks: "You're always, busy lately, and always, SO distracted, so I had to grab you, when I could."

Lalna's arms slid around Xephos pulling him in closer as his lips followed up along Xephos' neck to his slightly scruffy jaw, lining it with smooches. He felt Xephos sigh slightly and relax under his touch.

"Flippin' heck, Lalna, you scared me half to death grabbing me like that! I thought something was wrong," Xephos chuckled, and he sighed audibly while running his fingers through Lalna's hair as the man nibbled his earlobe.

"No one else is gonna be around all day, I think you can spend an hour in here with me?" Lalna protested before Xephos had a chance to, giving Xephos his best pouty eyes.

Xephos knew he still had countless things to do, but this seemed like a pretty tempting distraction. It was true he had been quite busy lately, and under Lalna's grasp he was beginning to realize how wound up he was feeling...

"Ok Ok Ok, but just for an hour, as this will also mean I'll have to shower before everyone gets back. So, c'mon then." Xephos smirked at the scientist and started to impatiently unbutton his lab coat.

Lalna grinned. He let Xephos slide his jacket off and pull his shirt over his head as he reached down, unbuttoning Xephos' pants. They panted and moaned through lusty kisses as Lalna unzipped Xephos' pants with one hand and slipped them over his hips so that they fell to the floor. Lalna wrapped his hands around Xephos' waist and pulled the man along with him without breaking the kiss; Xephos stepped out of his trousers as they stumbled back in the direction of the teleporter dock. Xephos nipped at Lalna's lip playfully as he reached for his belt.

They both stepped onto the pressure pad and with a zap they were immediately moved up a floor to Lalna's bedroom. Lalna ran his hands over Xephos' shoulders as he worked the fasteners on the scientist's snug black pants, deliberately letting his touch linger a moment, teasing Lalna's

growing bulge. Lalna huffed as he pulled Xephos along with him once more, walking backwards until his calves hit the mattress. His pants and boxers fell to the floor. His feet slid out of them as he was pushed back gently onto the bed by Xephos.

"You know, I wasn't sure this plan was actually going to work," Lalna said, chuckling slightly as Xephos slid off his own boxers and climbed in after him; Lalna throbbed watching the handsome space man's slim but defined arms and chest inadvertently flex as he pulled his shirt up over his head, tossing it on the floor. Xephos crawled closer to the scientist, pushing Lalna back on the bed further and covering his neck with nips and kisses. Lalna's fingers ran through Xephos' short dark hair.

"What? Grabbing me and pulling me into bed?" Xephos asked, smiling between pecks.

"Well... yeah," Lalna grinned as his eyes slid closed and he tugged harder at Xephos' hair. His free hand found Xephos' stiffening cock and he stroked it gently. Xephos sighed sitting up slightly, gazing down at the man below him, and positioned Lalna's legs so they were on either side of him.

"Was it really, like, a plan?" Xephos chuckled, panting as he moved his hips closer to Lalna's gentle grasp. "Like, did you really, actually, like, premeditate this? Invite me over just to attack me?"

Hands on Lalna's knees, Xephos spread his legs apart more and moved his hips in closer so that Lalna's grasp could include both their dripping cocks.

"I had to!" Lalna defended himself breathlessly, his grip now servicing both swelling rods. "You've been so distracted."

The last word came out as more of a deep moan as a panting Xephos reached under Lalna and slid a fingertip in his tight hole.

Lalna moaned and his strokes got firmer and slower as cum dripped from the head of his cock down both men's shafts pooling around Lalna's hand.

"God, Xephos," Lalna sighed. He had been craving the spaceman's company for weeks; no one's touch felt like his.

Xephos' hips moved with Lalna's strokes and he bowed his head, panting as he slid his finger in a little deeper.

"Jesus Lalna, I always forget how tight you are..."

Lalna whimpered at the longing in the spaceman's voice. With his free hand, Lalna reached over and grabbed a bottle of lube conveniently sitting on the nightstand.

"You really did plan all this out!" Xephos said with a short breathless laugh. He grinned down at the moaning blond man who returned his gaze, tugging faster at their throbbing cocks with a slight smile. Lalna handed the bottle to Xephos and lessened his grip as if to stop, but Xephos immediately protested.

"No, not yet..."

Lalna gave him a pleading look, but Xephos removed his finger as he explained: "Well, we have a whole hour after all, don't we?"

"But I want it," Lalna elongated the syllables in a needy whine, and he spread his legs further apart to prove his words. But Xephos only smirked as he covered two fingers in lube and slid them into Lalna without explanation. Lalna whined and raised his hips slightly, free hand flying to the bedsheets, gripping them.

"And when have I not given you everything you want, Lalna?" Xephos cooed, panting as he watched the man moan for him, his cock throbbing against Lalna's. Lalna's pulsed in response, heat building inside his belly as he bent his knees, lifting his legs to permit Xephos in deeper.

Xephos kept his fingers achingly still as he wrapped his hand around Lalna's, encouraging his strokes.

"Xephos, please," Lalna huffed and tightened around Xephos' long fingers; the spaceman smiled and twitched them teasingly, but holding them still as he leaned in to Lalna's ear to whisper:

"Please what, Lalna?" An evil smile grew on his lips and he twitched his fingertips again making Lalna whimper.

"Please... I need it.... I need you," Lalna begged, staring up into Xephos' bright blue eyes. Xephos took mercy on the man and plunged his fingers slowly out and back into to Lalna's tight hole a few times; Lalna moaned deeply and his eyes slid shut; he had forgotten all about playing with their erections and his grip loosened as he moved his hips slowly with Xephos' motions. The spaceman grinned and seized his wrist, pinning it above his head as he leaned forward and bit hard at Lalna's neck. He sped up the thrusts of his now twisting fingers, his own cock throbbing in response to Lalna's growing whimpers.

"Xephos, I'm g-gonna...." Lalna started as Xephos left one last playful nibble on the man's collarbone before sitting up again suddenly and pulling his fingers out, leaving Lalna panting.

"Well we can't have that, can we?" Xephos smirked picking up the lube bottle again and squeezing some into his hand. He rubbed it on his hard cock, and with one hand on Lalna's knee, he guided himself in. Lalna hissed in pleasure, and ran his fingers through Xephos' short dark hair as the spaceman leaned forward, hands on the bed, and started thrusting into Lalna slowly and deeply, sighing.

"Xephos," Lalna moaned softly, and tugged at Xephos' hair as he picked up a little speed.

"God, Lalna," Xephos grunted back, hips moving forcefully to work against the clenching muscles of Lalna's insides.

Lalna lifted his hips and moved with Xephos' rhythmic gestures, and he stared up into the man's soft blue eyes. Xephos returned his gaze for a moment before thrusting deep inside Lalna, causing a gasp from the

scientist; he planted kisses down his neck, quelling him silently as he nipped at Lalna's skin gently.

He then suddenly sat up, bending Lalna's legs up further by his knees. He started fucking Lalna faster, and even deeper than before. Both men moaned wildly now; Lalna grasped at the sheets and arched his back as Xephos found the spot inside him that it seemed only he could reach.

Xephos' hands drifted slowly over Lalna's knees and down his thighs, until they found a spot right above his hips and grasped on tight. Lalna's hand found Xephos' side and his nails dug in deeply leaving shallow red gashes as the man slowed his thrusts, sliding his hard member almost all the way out before making Lalna take the entire length again. Lalna raised his hips again, matching Xephos' motions. Lalna's eyes slid closed and he moaned deeply as Xephos' long cock teasingly hit his spot over and over with his slow gestures.

Xephos let out a low moan and picked up his speed again, more forcefully this time; his breathing beginning to stagger.

"God, Lalna," Xeph grunted as Lalna whimpered for him encouragingly.

"I'm so close," Lalna panted, nails still grasping at Xephos' flesh.

"Lalna!" Xephos huffed and with a long moan he filled Lalna's tight hole, his hot load pulsing into Lalna deeply, coating his sweet spot. Lalna lifted his hips and came too, short whines emerging from him as he climaxed.

Xephos breathed hard as he slid out of Lalna, who let out one last soft moan. Xephos gazed down at Lalna whose chest was also heaving; they exchanged a small smile.

Xephos looked down and let out a small laugh at the mess on Lalna's belly; he grabbed a random piece of their clothing from the side of the bed and wiped him off before laying down on top of the scientist, resting his head on Lalna's chest, arms snaking their way up around his shoulders. Lalna's fingers found their way to the man's hair again, stroking it softly as both their eyes started to drift closed.

"You should probably set me an alarm before we both fall asleep," Xephos mumbled tiredly. "I shouldn't be late to meet up with the guys later."

"Alarm?" Lalna's eyes were fully closed now. "I don't have an alarm clock."

Xephos lifted his head slightly and he blinked.

"Wait, d'you mean to tell me you have all this advanced science crap laying around everywhere, and you don't have something as basic as an alarm clock?"

He looked up at Lalna who lifted his head slightly too.

"What? Yeah... I've just never needed one!" Lalna laughed.

"Wow," Xephos said, shaking his head slightly, but a smile grew on his face. "You're hopeless, man!"

Lalna's head dropped back onto the pillow and he resumed playing with Xephos' hair, running his fingertips along his ear gently. He felt Xephos turn his head slightly to plant a kiss on his fingers.

"Ah well. Balls to it," Xephos proclaimed happily, and with a short chuckle he laid back down and snuggled once more into Lalna's chest.

Credit to thesmutlord on Ao3

3, 2, 1. (S)

TW: Character Death, Attempted Suicide

"Quick, antidote," Duncan stated emotionlessly, holding out his hand.

"Duncan, c-can you save him?" The spaceman shakily inquired, handing him the small vile of liquid. Duncan normally worked in silence, but this time was different. This time he had company.

"I don't know, the flux has affected him pretty badly," Duncan sighed. Xephos stared wearily at his fallen friend, his best friend.

"But.. Theoretically," Xephos hesitated. "What are the chances," he looked up to the scientist.

"Of what?" Duncan half-assedly asked. ".. Of survival?"

"I don't know, Xeph. Dwarves are different than humans, I haven't experimented on them ever." He stated, careful. Although he wished to comfort Xeph, he wasn't going to sugar coat this.

The ginger bearded dwarf gave a sudden yowl of agony, startling Xephos and the scientist. "Honeydew?!" Quickly, the scientist checked monitors, frantically trying to stabilize his friend.

"Impossible," Duncan exclaimed. "W-what?" Xephos asked worriedly. "He's.. The monitor says.." The spaceman's eyes widened and mouth gaped as he stared at the computer screen. ".. Dead," Duncan breathed.

Honeydew's breathing became rapid, and suddenly his eyes opened wildly. "W..what? Duncan? Xephos?" Duncan stared at his friend in dismay. His eyes glowed yellow, half his face melted and morphed, his skin covered is horrid glowing spots.

"N-no, he's not real, he can't be," Xephos murmured. "It's me, friend," honeydew cooed. Duncan was shocked. Not only by this immortal being dead and alive at the same time, but how it could steal Xephos away from him so easily, even in this form.

"Xephos, be careful," Duncan warned. "I don't want you getting infected with the flux too," honeydew flinched. "Right, please, stay away from me. I don't want either of you ending like me," he gently spoke.

"Welcome back, friend," Xephos smiled, awe struck.

- –

As the weeks started to pass, Honeydew stayed outside the castle, but Duncan and Xephos visited every morning and just before night. He started becoming strange about certain things.

One night, Xephos returned screaming to the castle. Duncan followed the sound to his friend, seeing his horrified face. As he followed his gaze, he reflected the same emotion.

Honeydew, banging on the doors of the castle, flux completely taken over him. He screeched, and not a terrified one. More of a horrifying battle cry.

"Flux got to him." Duncan looked at the ground solemnly. He stared at his friend. "Should I.." He looked at Xephos, giving him a soft but saddened gaze. "Put him out of his misery?" Xephos's eyes widened, fear clearly struck into him.

After a few moments, he looked at his friend. He nodded slowly. Duncan held Xephos, one hand through his hair and the other holding a gun of some kind.

Xephos nuzzles into his shoulder. "Don't look," Duncan softly whispers to him. Xephos nods, holding back tears. Duncan looks Honeydew in the eyes, giving him one last nod, a form of respect you could say.

"3.."

"2.." Xephos grabs Duncan's shirt fabric, now letting tears stream down his cheeks.

"1." Duncan reluctantly pulled the trigger, releasing the bullet.

"Good bye, friend." Duncan cries a single tear. Xephos starts to sob into his shoulder. Duncan puts his gun in the pocket of the lab coat, then wraps his arm around Xephos's waist.

"He's in a better place, Lewis." He kisses Xephos's forehead. "The big mine in the sky," Duncan softly teased. Xephos cracked a watery smile. They walked upstairs, the sun setting through the windows.

They each went into their separate rooms, but when Xephos couldn't sleep, he would crawl into Duncan's bed. Of course Duncan didn't mind, but he worried about him. He was getting nightmares more and more frequently, and they aren't stopping.

- - -

"Xeph?" Duncan called out one morning, when he woke up without the spaceman next to him. He sat up and looked about the room. Where could he be?

His search ended him in Xephos's room, and what await his eyes, he wasn't prepared for.

Drops of blood scattered here and there across the floor, bandages hastily spread about the room. Empty bottles on the desk, and a chair in the middle of the room. A rope dangled above it, and sure enough, Xephos standing on the chair, tying the knot around his throat.

He turned to see Duncan standing in his doorway, and stopped to stare at him. Duncan could only watch. "I'm sorry, friend. This has been too much to bear. The nightmares, honeydew, the sound of the gun.." He shook his head.

"D-don't go Xephos, please. I can't stand to be here alone, you know that!" Duncan pleaded. "Give me one good reason to keep on living!" Xephos retorted sharply.

Duncan took in a deep breath, then stared longingly at him. "I was hoping a better setting to tell you, but I see I have no choice." He sighed and gave a slight smile, his eyes watering and his gaze fixed on the glowing blue orbs on his friend's face.

"I- Lewis, I think," Duncan blinked and giggled, a pink glow spread across his cheeks. "I know, I love you," Lewis's eyes stopped their menacing glow, and his face straightened. He mouth opened to say something, but nothing came out.

"Everything about you, your smile, the way your always too tidy, the way your face turns blue when you blush," Duncan listed these right off the top of his head, and he found no trouble finding them.

"And most of all, your willingness to keep going" Duncan smiled. "And this isn't the Lewis I know." He carefully walked toward his friend, being sure not to upset him. He stopped right in front of him, then looked up to the man on the stool.

"Come back to me, Xeph. Come back," Duncan pleaded softly, his reassuring smile widening. Xephos, who had been shocked into not being able to move, finally gave his reaction.

He untied the knot around his neck, stepped down to be level with the scientist, and then broke out into a blush. "I always wished you would feel the same," Duncan hugged him, and what Xephos wasn't able to tell now came to his realization.

Xephos felt Duncan's wet tears, heard his soft sniffles, and he didn't understand. "Why are you crying?" He asked, hugging the scientist back tightly. "I thought I was going to lose you," he replied, sniffling quietly.

Xephos pulled away from Duncan's hug to see his face. The tears glistened on his cheeks, and his smile clearly showed relief. Xephos closed his eyes

and pulled Duncan in, kissing him softly.

Duncan kissed Xephos back passionately, holding him close. He blushed madly, but he didn't feel embarrassed. When they finally pulled away, they smiled at each other.

They moved Xephos's bed next to Duncan's and from then on there was no more nightmares, only comfort. Duncan wrapped his arms around his spaceman's neck, giving him butterfly kisses before letting him go to sleep every night.

"Good night, love," Duncan purred.

Credit to xxsjipsxx on tumblr

Forgotten (S)

TW: ANGST! Super Sad

"He'll wake up. I know he will."

"And if he doesn't?"

"That won't happen."

"You don't know that. Listen, You've done all you can. Staying here won't fix anything. You should come home. Come back to the factory, Xephos."

"No. I'm staying."

"Xephos..."

"I said no. Leave me alone. You go. I'm staying."

"Please..."

"Now!"

In the silence, he said no more and let me have my way. He was tired of trying and I was tired of listening. Though Honeydew had always been my best friend, he couldn't do anything for me now. No one could. Muttering a sad "okay", he left me alone beside my comatose friend.

Months had passed. I couldn't tell you how many. It didn't matter. All that mattered was I blamed myself for this. We had been messing around and he had fallen. Though I tried to grab him, he slipped through my fingers. Hitting his head too hard, he was put to sleep. The worst kind of sleep.

The doctors said they weren't sure how long he would be in it. It could be days. It could be years. All we could do is wait, and ever since then that's all

I've done. It hasn't been days... but it hasn't been years either. He would wake up. He had to wake up. No one can truly "sleep" forever. Not like this.

His hand was as warm as ever. In his sleep, I wondered if he remembered all those times we spent, holding hands just like this. We were growing very close before the accident. I wanted to be with him and I hoped he wanted to be with me. And even though I had caused this, I still hoped. When he opened his eyes, we could be together. I'd voice how I felt for sure. I'd try harder and if necessary, be whatever he needed me to be.

That decision has stayed with me and has kept me going. I've waited for what seems like an eternity for this day. The day our lives would begin again.

For the first time in a long time, I saw the bluish grey color of his eyes. He had broken from his sleepy curse and he sat up like he had been awake all this time. Without even thinking, I wrapped my arms around him, hugging him with everything I had, "Lalna! Lalna!"

He said nothing and all I could say was his name. I was so happy and when I finally realized I was being clingy, I pulled away and apologized for it. He looked around and at me in confusion. If only I knew why then.

"I'm sorry, Lalna..." He looked at me with the most vacant expression I've ever seen but I didn't notice it. I was too afraid of the words I was saying. "I know you're probably angry. This is all my fault. If you don't even want to talk to me, that's alright. I deserve it... but listen, Lalna, I've been here this whole time. I've decided to stay with you forever. Everything will be like before but better. I'll never let you get hurt again, okay?"

He looked down at our hands blankly and then back at me. He gave me no sign that he understood or even that he was angry. It was like he was empty. He was completely void of everything. He was gone.

"Who are you?"

— Part 2 (half of this was actually written over a year ago before I just gave up on it for whatever reason. Anyhow, I finally managed to finish it up.

Better late than never, I suppose.) —

His words cut me as deep as they could, and those empty eyes burned through me. What could you say to the person you've pretty much destroyed from the inside out? I didn't know, but I had to do something. "My name is Xephos. I'm your boy... best friend."

"My best friend?... Who... Who am I?"

I clenched his hands in physical pain, "You're Lalna..."

"Lal...na?"

"That's right," I suddenly felt tears threatening to fall. This was so wrong. I didn't want to go through this. I needed someone to take me away. "That's your name."

He looked at me with more confusion than before. No lights being triggered. No bells being rung. Not striking a single cord inside of him. It wasn't there. Nothing was there.

I let go of his hands and slowly moved myself away from him. This person was not the one that I waited so long for. He was merely a shell of that man, and I was merely an idiot who wasted all this time. "Why?... This wasn't supposed to happen... This isn't... This is..."

"Xephos..."

All my sorrow had overwhelmed me and as I looked back at him at the sound of my name, his barren eyes studied me closer; watching me slowly break down. There was no deep meaning . He just saw I was upset, and in his nature, he wanted to reach out. "You're crying..."

Tears ran down my cheeks. I had lost all my will to keep together in the face of this tragedy. "I'm sorry...I'm so very sorry... I need to get out of here."

Standing up, and slightly tripping a bit, I turned my back to the person I had wanted to see for so long. One of the nurses was startled as I met her at the

door and pushed passed to get out into the hallway. I slowed down but kept walking as I sobbed heavily. Before I knew it, I was at the end of the hall, banging my fist against the wall, cursing everything.

Between my self loathing and my gross sobbing, I didn't notice the footsteps of someone approach. "Xephos? What's the matter?"

Honeydew had come to check on me as he often did but he was surprised to see me out here "Why aren't you with Lalna?" He asked, looking down the hall where his room was before looking back at me. "And why... why are you crying?"

"Honeydew...." Just barely managing to move away from the wall, I whimpered uncontrollably. "L-Lalna has woken up..."

His eyes widened in pleasant surprise, "That's great news!"

"No..." I tried desperately to wipe away my tears, "I waited so long... I waited months and months for him to wake up, and now... now that he has... he's forgotten everything..."

His smile fell from his face and his eyes shook in sudden realization. "Oh, Notch... Xephos, I'm-"

Tears streamed down my face as I was unable to stop them, "What am I supposed to do now? How can I apologize if there's nothing left to apologize for? If he has forgotten every bad thing... if he's forgotten every good thing... What have I been waiting for?!"

It seemed eerily silent as he looked at me with pity. He hadn't seen me break down like this since the day I told him to go without me. "I don't-"

"I need..." I interrupted, pushing past him , "I need to get out of here."

As I attempted to get away, he grabbed my arm, "So you're just going to run away?"

Turning back around, I looked him in the eye, scared and startled. "Let me go..."

"I can't. I don't know what's gonna happen, but you can't just run away, Xephos. He needs you now more than ever."

"But I won't be able to pretend everything is okay."

"You won't have to. It's perfectly alright to explain to him how you feel and who you are."

"But what if he doesn't want me?!" I screamed out, ignoring that we were in a hospital, "I'm so afraid of that and I was scared of it before! I never want to hear it! If he says that, what will I do?! Tell me, Honeydew!

He looked at me and I looked at him for the longest time as I continued to pull away. Heads poked out of rooms to see what the fuss was about before he began pulling me away from their nosy ears towards the room. "Then we'll deal with it. It won't be the end of the world."

The panic was setting in a bit as he dragged me back to the place I ran away from. "But I still don't think I can push through this. Not again. Not like this."

"You can and if you think you can't, I'll be right here to help you. Don't forget that he was my friend as well. I'd like to be remembered too..."

"I... had forgotten that actually..."

Looking back, he smiled at me, "So, don't be scared. You can do this."

Standing in the doorway of his room, done with pulling away but still visibly scared, I looked at Lalna's face as the nurse circled around him. Honeydew whispered encouragement to go forward in my ear until I finally swallowed my uneasiness and moved in; catching his eye finally as the nurse left us alone. "You came back... How do you feel?"

"Well, I... I'm not crying anymore."

Finally, a smile crossed his lips, "That's great. Would you like to sit down again?"

"Of course he would," Honeydew answered for me, "He's got a lot of stuff to talk to you about and so do I."

Turning his head a bit puzzled, Lalna looked from him to me. It was strange how I didn't realize how much I was holding my breath until I finally breathed out, "Yeah. It's been a long time, Lalna. There's so much I need to tell you... So much I need you to know."

A/N: It took me a year to finish this, and I'm almost 100% positive that ending is not sufficient enough to justify it, but hey, it's finished . You get to decide how it all plays out in the end.

Credit to blackrocksoldier on tumblr

A Walk Among The Waves (S)

TW: Teeth-rotting Fluff

"Xephos get the fuck off me."

"But Lalna! It's a new day! Get up!" Xephos felt defeated as the other male just grumbled, pulling the blanket over his head. "Come on, Lal."

"Wake me when it's spring."

The blue-eyed male chuckled. "It's summer, Lalna. You can't use that."

Lalna poked a tired eye out of his blanket cuccoon. "Then wake me when it's autumn."

"You're being no fun." Xephos grinned and tugged on the blanket, exposing his [nearly] naked body. "Wake up!"

"Xephos!" Lalna reached for the blanket, but Xephos easily kept it out of reach. Giving up, Lalna finally sat upright, glaring at his boyfriend. "You know I hate you, right?"

"You do not."

"All right, you got me." The blonde stood, grabbing a few assorted clothing items out of his suitcase. "What did you want to do today, since you're so eager to get up and go?"

"I, uh..."

Lalna rolled his eyes. "All that, and you didn't even have a plan."

Xephos laughed. "I was thinking. Maybe we should just go to the beach and wade or something. We can even go swimming, if you're up for it."

"You certainly seem dressed for the beach." Lalna overlooked Xephos' clothing choice; a blue-and-white t-shirt and a pair of swim trunks that he'd never seen him wear before. "I suppose that's a good idea. It looks nice out."

"Less talking, more getting dressed!" Xephos threw a pair of dark blue swim trunks at Lalna. "Let's go! We're wasting time!"

~.~.~

Lalna laughed as he walked along the shoreline, watching as Xephos dove underwater and grabbed at unsuspecting people's legs. "I hope one of them eventually does you in, love."

Xephos flipped him off as he surfaced again. "I hope a shark eats you!"

"That's about as likely as you acting your age." He chuckled as Xephos ignored him, diving under again. He wasn't paying much attention after that, and was surprised when Xephos was suddenly behind him, wrapping his wet arms aroun him. "Jesus, Xeph!"

"I could totally have kidnapped you!" Xephos snorted. "Then again, no one else would want you. They'd pay me to take you back."

"Hey!"

"Anyway," Xephos went on, ignoring Lalna. "Come swimming with me. Please?"\

"I don't really want-"

"Great!" The blue-eyed male grabbed Lalna's hand, dragging him along as he got deeper and deeper. He suddenly let go, and grinned. "Catch me if you can!"

Lalna just watched as Xephos dove underwater and sighed. "You're a pain." His words were fond, however, and he dove under, looking for any sign of his boyfriend. He could see Xephos going for another victim's legs, so he decided to give him a taste of his own medicine. He grabbed Xephos' foot,

dragging him to the surface upside-down, but letting go when he saw that Xephos needed air. "How do *you* like it?"

"If it was anyone else, I would have murdered them." Xephos pouted, crossing his arms as he made his way back to the shore.

"Awww, little Xephy can dish it but he can't take it." Lalna laughed, following him out and standing at the shoreline. "For what it's worth, I'm glad you dragged me out here."

Xephos smiled and stood in front of Lalna, planting a kiss to Lalna's forehead. "I'm glad you agreed to come out with me. Maybe next time, we can-"

"No."

"Aww, come on! You don't even know what I was going to say!"

Credit to xyrnystheenderqueen on tumblr

You're An Idiot (S)

TW: Slight angst and fluff

"You're an idiot."

Lalna doesn't get chance to respond as he's roughly pulled away from the computer and into somebody's tight embrace. His face is pressed awkwardly into the other person's shoulder and he lets out an embarrassing squeak. The strangely comforting scent of honey and metal lets him know that the other person is his coworker: Xephos. He instantly relaxes, though he's slightly concerned at Xephos' unusual display of affection.

"I didn't do anything and you're calling me an idiot!" Lalna chuckles before he trails off, the fact that Xephos doesn't return the laugh causes unease in his stomach. "Xephos? What's wrong?" he asks, instantly worried when the other man tightens his grip.

"I told you. You're an idiot," Xephos mumbles into Lalna's hair. "For someone so smart, you really are dumb."

Lalna's eyebrows furrow in confusion.

"Have I done something wrong?" His arms finally move as he pats Xephos' back. Well, the best he can with his arms pinned to his side. "If it's the golf course then-"

"No, it's not the golf course." Xephos takes a deep breath and pulls away. His eyes are shining with unshed tears. He scrubs them away with the back of his hand, causing his eyes to redden. "I don't care about the bloody golf course."

The scientist ignores the insult to his pride and joy and instead continues to stare at Xephos in a silent prompt for him to spill what was on his mind.

Xephos lets out a shaky breath and the words tumble from his trembling lips.

"You nearly died on the moon."

Lalna's eyes widen in surprise. "You're still thinking about that?" he asks with his usual large grin, not one for taking his near death experiences seriously. "Come on, Xeph'! That was months ago!"

"I don't care!" Xephos bites back, eyes glowing a darker blue for a short blink and you miss it moment. "You were stranded and I wasn't there to help you! You could have died and you would have been alone and-" His voice breaks and he looks down to the ground. "You're so stupid! You're an idiot!" His eyes flicker up to glare at Lalna. "Why did you go up without a parachute?!"

He resists the urge to hold his arms up in surrender and just watches as an array of emotions flash across Xephos' face. His heart drops as Xephos looks at him with what could only be described as pure anguish. "Why do you keep getting yourself into trouble? Can't you just be safe at home for once instead of risking your life for no reason?"

"Xephos?" Lalna reaches out to grab his arm. Xephos jerks away the first time but allows Lalna to catch his arm the second time. "Xephos, come on, you need to calm down."

"No!" Xephos growls, more tears leaking from his eyes. "I don't need to be calm, I need to know you won't die on a pointless mission!"

"Follow me, please." Lalna waits until Xephos nods. He begins to pull him out of the left leg of the tower, over the oxygen gear that is carelessly strewn across the yard and towards the shack containing their beds. He gently pushes the other man down onto the large bed and moves to sit next to him. Lalna tries to hide his shock as Xephos leans over to rest his head on his shoulder. He recovers quickly and slings his arm around the other man's shoulders.

"What's up with you?" Lalna asks quietly and allows Xephos to move closer. "Not that I'm adversed to cuddles but this isn't like you to come to me."

Xephos forces out a laugh that comes out more like a sob. His eyes close and the hand closest to Lalna reaches out and grabs a handful of Lalna's oil stained shirt.

"I'm sorry, you probably think I'm insane," he says, taking a deep breath to steady his voice. "I mean who walks up to someone, hugs them, shouts at them, and then starts to cry?"

Lalna doesn't speak and waits for Xephos to continue patiently. After what seemed like hours, Xephos finally continues.

"I don't know," he sighs and tightens his grip on Lalna's shirt. "I was thinking about the moon incident and all the things that have gone wrong and then I started to think of what life would be like if you weren't around anymore." He shrugs the best he can pressed against Lalna's side and with tears still drying on his cheeks. Lalna rests his cheek against Xephos' brown mop of hair and lets out a low chuckle.

"I didn't know you cared, Xeph'" Lalna teases, his fingers splaying out on Xephos' shoulder. "Have you gone soft in your old age?"

"Shut up," Xephos mumbles. "I've always cared."

"Well you shouldn't bother," Lalna says with a shrug and Xephos groans when the movement jolts his head. "I make it out okay."

"Okay isn't slowly asphyxiating alone on the moon," Xephos says and his voice cracks as if he could continue crying at any moment. "Okay isn't-"

"I get it," Lalna interrupts. "But you still shouldn't worry! Even if I did die I'd just respawn, right? It's not like we stay dead."

The beat of silence causes panic to rise up in Lalna. "Xephos?"

"No, you're right," Xephos rushes out. "It was silly and I shouldn't have worried."

Lalna stares at Xephos, his gaze unwavering as his heart beats faster.

"You're hiding something, aren't you?"

"No!"

"Xephos." Lalna says his name with a tone of finality that causes Xephos to sigh and slump into himself.

"The respawn is faulty," Xephos finally says, his voice deadpan and distant. He says it so quietly that Lalna isn't sure exactly he's heard correctly until Xephos continues talking. "I have my best scientists on it but the server just keeps on glitching." He runs a trembling hand through his messy brown hair. "We just don't know what's causing it but it's not working."

Lalna swallows and asks "Not working how?"

"Some people...." Xephos' breath shakes as much as his hands. "Some people don't respawn. We don't know if there's a pattern but sometimes people take longer to respawn and some just...don't."

Xephos grips Lalna's shoulders and tries to stop his eyes from tearing up once again.

"Do you understand now? Can you see why I'm so upset? It could fail at any moment, causing your actual death! You could have died on the moon alone and I would never have been able to..."

He trails off.

"Why...why not tell anyone?" Lalna begins to ask, a million questions rushing through his head. "I mean, we could have helped! We would have been more careful if we knew!"

His grip on Lalna tightens and he pulls Lalna's face towards his own. Lalna resists the urge to bite his bottom lip.

"I didn't tell anyone because I didn't want them to worry. Can you imagine the panic if everyone found out?" Xephos lets out a humourless laugh. "I thought I could figure out what was wrong before anyone else died but I guess didn't think that you would be such a reckless idiot!"

Lalna opens his mouth to respond, to say the first thing that comes to mind, but suddenly lips are on his own and Lalna's brain short-circuits almost as fast as the base computer had done when Lalna spilt beer over the console.

"So fucking stupid," Xephos whispers against his lips and wraps his arms around Lalna's waist before burying his face in his shoulder. "You could have died."

Lalna blinks in shock. "I...I'm sorry?" he tries as his brain rushes to process what's happening. "I didn't know?"

Lalna raises his hand, not sure what to do, but it seems to jolt Xephos out of his thoughts.

He hears a sharp intake of breath before Xephos lets go of Lalna and pushes himself off of the bed.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry!" Xephos rushes, wiping at his eyes even though no more tears were there. "I just...I would have really missed you, okay? You're my friend and- oh god." He groans and hides his face in his hands. "I've just ruined it, haven't I?"

"Xeph-"

"I didn't mean it, I wasn't thinking and I just...I'm so sorry, I ruined everything!"

"What? No, I mean," he gets up and grabs Xephos' shoulders to prevent him from leaving. "You haven't ruined anything."

Xephos steps back and Lalna's hands fall back to his sides, hanging there uselessly. "Just...don't be so careless." Xephos says, refusing to look at Lalna. "And forget about this."

Lalna doesn't get chance to speak, to ask what 'this' is, before Xephos is hurrying off and out of the shack. He considers chasing after him but he falters. What exactly would he say or do? For once in his life, Lalna decides to actually think before he acts.

—

"You're an idiot."

Lalna doesn't give himself time to enjoy the fact that he threw Xephos' words back at him as he's pushing Xephos against the wall, pinning him to it with his body. Xephos looks panicked and his hands clench by his sides.

"I said I was sorry!" he squeaks and tries to worm out of Lalna's hold. "If I could take it back I would but-"

"Tell me the truth," Lalna demands, cutting off Xephos' rant. "Why did you kiss me?"

Xephos flushes a shade of red that almost matched his jacket and Lalna has to resist smiling at how cute it is. "I..uh..." he splutters and avoids eye-contact with the scientist. "Lalna please just forget about it, please!"

"No, not until you give me the truth."

The spaceman's words rush out all at once and Lalna has to strain to understand the jumble of words. "Ilikeyouokay," Xephos mutters quickly, blinking down at the ground. "IkissedyoubecauseIlikeyou."

Lalna grins. "I'm sorry," he teases and steps back. "I didn't quite catch that."

"Oh you're insufferable!" Xephos hisses, glaring up at Lalna but it's hardly intimidating when his face is bright red. His cheeks heat up even more at Lalna's smile. "And stop laughing at me, it's not funny!"

"It's a bit funny." Lalna leans in and enjoys the way Xephos' eyes flicker to his lips. "Go on, say it again."

"I like you, okay? Now if you can just forget all about this and get on with our lives then-"

Xephos doesn't get to finish his sentence because Lalna thinks it's a perfect time to kiss him. The kiss is short and sweet and Xephos pulls away with a confused look.

"Why?" he asks, eyebrows furrowed. His features soften as Lalna's hand lazily combs through Xephos' hair.

"Well I thought I'd get you back for kissing me by surprise before," Lalna teases. He stops messing around at the look of disappointment on the spaceman's face.

"Also..." his drags out the word with a smile. "I like you, too."

"You really annoy me sometimes!" Xephos sighs but even he can't hold back the smile on his face. "You really are-"

"An idiot?" Lalna finishes with a wide and contagious grin. "Yeah, so you've said."

"Shut up!"

Lalna lets out a glorious laugh before leaning up and gently kisses Xephos' cheek. He smiles before his face takes a more serious expression.

"And don't worry about the respawn thing," Lalna says, his eyes leaving no room for Xephos to doubt his words. "I will fix it, believe me."

"I believe you." Xephos reaches out with a hesitant hand to grab Lalna's. "Just...promise to be careful until then?"

"I promise."

Credit to xephin on tumblr

It's Really You (S)

TW: Language/ANGST/Shipping ... Based on Yoglabs Hyercubed

Honeydew shrieked, the blackness suddenly engulfing him.

"Honeydew? Honeydew? Are you there?"

The voice was loud in his ear, crystal clear as if someone was right next to him.

"Xephos? Wh-what is this," the dwarf gasped, opening his eyes and looking at the room around him. What looked like obsidian encased the room, both the ceiling and floor being covered in water with identical glass pillars hanging from the ceiling and coming up from the floor, beautifully decorated with designs that looked handcrafted.

"Look, well, Yoglabs has been... ripped apart," the spaceman spoke, his voice much too calm for the current situation, although it wasn't like that was very unusual. If anything, it would've been strange if he was freaking out, or at least Honeydew thought of it that way.

"What do ya' mean 'ripped apart'," Honeydew questioned, cautiously taking steps forward on the glass. The sound of his shoes clicking on the delicate glass made him feel uneasy.

"Well," Xephos started with a sigh," I did say that there was a problem with the dimensional-"

"Lalna," the dwarf gasped, his eyes coming upon a glass case in the center of the room. Inside it, the blonde scientist stood, his body covered in the purple goop called "Flux" something that Honeydew had been taught was bad and evil.

"Wait- what?"

"I said, Lalna... Lalna is here."

There was a pause, hearing the intake of breath in his ear before Xephos spoke somewhat panicked. "What do you mean?"

"He's in this class case... it says: DANGEROUS CRIMINAL DO NOT RELEASE. That's just peculiar," the dwarf muttered under his breath, rubbing his hands on the fragile glass. *He could easily break it...*

"Oh god, you're in the uh... the Yoglabs reflecting pool," Xephos explained, his voice back to it's usual calm state.

"This isn't Yoglabs," Honeydew questioned, beginning to push into the glass a little bit harder. *He might as well break it open and get his friend out.*

"It's one of the... black parts of Yoglabs," the spaceman replied.

"Why have you got Lalna?" Honeydew began hitting the glass, attempting to break through the fragile thing. He was surprised at how easily it broke, shattering on impact and causing cracks to spread throughout the whole case.

"We... we had a problem with the psychopathic member of staff that we cloned too many times and we uh..."

"I just let him out," Honeydew exclaimed proudly, smiling at the scientist whose eyes fluttered open and examined the room around him.

"What? Why would you-"

"Lalna," the dwarf smiled happily, looking over the scientist who suddenly came back to life. He coughed, looking around at where he was, his eyes wide and his eyebrows furrowed.

"Honeydew," the scientist gasped, a happy smile crossing his face.

"Why... why have you woken him up," Xephos groaned disgruntled in the dwarf's ear, the sound of his voice making Lalna's eyes go wider.

"Xephos?!"

"H-hello, Lalna. Listen, we need you both to get back to where I am. If you open your quest log it should say you need..."

For the next two hours, the two worked out the puzzle of the room, completing the quest and eventually finding there way back to where the spaceman was staying. They both arrived at a place named the "Spacial Incubator" a nice sized room colored in black and white. Wires were strung everywhere, connected to machines that neither of them had ever seen before.

Lalna looked up, spying Xephos at the corner of the room, staring at them both with an irritated look on his face.

"It's... it's really you," Xephos sighed, looking the scientist up and down.

Lalna looked somewhat perplexed, although the look faded to a smile as he ran forward, making Xephos gasp as he wrapped his arms around the other man.

"Get- Get off of me you filthy space criminal," Xephos screamed, holding his hands up and trying to push the spaceman off of him.

"What are you-"

"I said get off," Xephos repeated, his voice angry and making Lalna back away like a scolded dog.

"I- I'm not a criminal," Lalna muttered, looking back at the dwarf with disbelief. "Xephos we were together d-do you not remem-"

"What are you on about! See, Honeydew! I told you he was insane! A criminal, I tell you," Xephos barked, staring pointedly at Honeydew who looked at both of them perplexed.

"Wait- Xephos I think I remember-"

"YOU REMEMBER NOTHING! NEITHER OF YOU," Xephos screamed, his face flushed staring between the two with fury.

There was a silence, the words that he spoke sinking into Lalna's head and making him feel cold and dirty inside, making him feel disgusting and ashamed.

"Now," he huffed. "If we ever want to get out of here, we must get to work."

Credit to levvieortaylor on tumblr

Arrows In A Storm (N)

TW: Smutty and very NSFW

"Yes!" Lalna shouted, punching the air in excitement as the sorting machine whirred back into life, finally doing what it was built for. He waited impatiently by it to make sure it didn't blow up before he started a new project. After roughly a minute of nothing more exciting than a working machine, Lalna left it to its business and proceeded to the door, readying his jet pack and thinking about what to do next. Reaching the door, he grasped the handle and pulled it open.

He was greeted by a face full of heavy rain and the blackness of a stormy night sky. Lalna had gotten caught up in a project and had, yet again, lost track of time as well as his surroundings. He moved to push the door shut against the howling wind, but not before a scream of agony pierced through the gale. Lalna froze, still leaning against the door. He knew that voice: Xephos was in trouble! Another pained screech goaded Lalna into action, and he hurled himself into the storm-darkened courtyard.

In the few moments it took him to bolt from the doorway to the slight shelter of the gate, Lalna had been swayed violently by the wind, and completely drenched. He pulled the goggles ever present on forehead down over his blue-grey eyes and punched the 'open' code into the machine that controlled the gate. Lalna stumbled out into the blackness, the wind threatening every second to knock him to the ground now that the high stone walls of his castle no longer shielding him from the storms wrath. His goggle covered eyes scanned the rain drenched landscape for the faint blue glow that always emanated from his alien...friend.

Friend, he only thinks of you as a friend, you're his friend; Lalna repeated, trying to convince himself. The spaceman did not know of his affection, and Lalna did not plan to tell him, terrified at the thought of being rejected. But now was not the time for that. "Xeph! Xephos, where are you!" Lalna yelled into the storm, the howling wind all but drowning out his words. "L-

Lalna-" "I'm coming Xephos!" Lalna struggled through the buckets of rainwater towards the weak cry for help. He's weak and alone, whispered a nasty voice in the back of Lalna's head as Xephos' glow came in to view not five blocks in front of him: All you have to do is bring him home, and then- Reaching the spaceman, Lalna shook his blond haired head to clear it of that voice before it went to far.

Xephos had been knocked to the ground, blue blood flowing from a deep arrow wound in his lower abdomen, another arrow sticking out of a spot just below his shoulder, though that wound was less severe. The rainwater was merging with Xephos' otherworldly blood, creating great glowing puddles. Lalna's scientist brain kicked in, and he lost himself for a minute in contemplation. How did the bloods glowing quality spread like that? Could that quality be put into other objects? Could-A gasp of pain from Xephos brought Lalna back to the storm at hand.

"I'm taking you back to my castle!" Lalna shouted over a clap of thunder that caused Xephos to jump in fright, his pointed ears flattening against his skull like a cat. Lalna pulled Xephos to his feet, putting the spaceman's arm around his shoulder and using all his strength to keep the wind from knocking them both to the ground. Lalna could almost see that disgusting voice smirking in victory, but he ignored that mental picture and focused all his energy on getting Xephos inside and out of the darkness he feared so much.

Xephos had not been all that far from Lalna's castle, but it seemed to take forever for the pair to battle their way through the howling wind and blinding rain into the courtyard, Lalna supporting most of the taller alien's weight. At every clap of thunder, Xephos had jumped, clutching Lalna tighter and gazing fearfully into the blackness, glowing blue eyes screwed up against the rain. Lalna's insides summersaulted every time he did this, and he was relived as the walls of his castle loomed around him, though a huge part of him wished Xephos would hold him like that forever.

Lalna didn't bother to close the gates in his hurry to get them both into the dry, machine heated interior of his castle. He guided Xephos inside and up to his bed, barely remembering to slam the front door behind him. There you go, now we're getting somewhere, chuckled the voice in Lalna's head.

I'm only taking him there because it's comfortable, Lalna argued heatedly, trying to convince himself as much if not more than the voice that was tempting him so.

Xephos was regaining his usual air of calm intelligence now that he was no longer in the darkness outside, though he still started at every clap of thunder. He sank onto the edge of Lalna's bed with a sigh as the scientist scurried around in the chests for anything that could help his injured 'friend'.

Lalna pulled his shaggy blond head out of a chest a few moments later carrying a glass bottle full of a bright pink liquid; a healing potion. "Drink this and take your shirt off. I-I need to patch you up." Lalna added at Xephos' raised eyebrow, handing him the potion. Xephos took the potion from him and downed it quickly with a look of disgust, setting the empty bottle on the nightstand before peeling of his dripping jacket and shirt and tossing them on the ground. Lalna knelt down, getting a firm grip on the arrow still lodged in Xephos' side. The other arrow appeared to have been knocked lose by the storm as all that was left of it was a small puncture wound in Xephos' shoulder that was now slowly closing thanks to the potion. Lalna yanked at the arrow, but only succeeded in pulling Xephos forward with a yelp of pain. "Sorry." Lalna mumbled, glancing apologetically up at Xephos, who flashed him a pained but reassuring smile. "Just get it out Lalna."

Lalna nodded, grabbing the arrow again. He blushed slightly as he pressed a gloved hand against Xephos' bare stomach. He pushed with that hand while pulling the arrow with the other. Xephos screwed his eyes shut, biting his lip to keep himself from giving of another pained yelp as the troublesome arrow was yanked free amidst a shower of blue blood. The healing potion was beginning to take affect, and the wound was healing rapidly. Now that the spaceman was no longer in any danger, Lalna began to feel just how cold the storm had made him.

His face was closer to Xephos' than it had ever been, and that damn voice was goading him to do what he most desired. With a great effort Lalna straightened up, discarding his soaked lab coat on the floor. "H-how d-d-did you end up in th-that s-storm anyway?" Lalna questioned through chattering

teeth, rubbing his arms for warmth and taking in every detail of the shirtless Xephos as he began his story. His long, elegant fingers. His strong, beautiful chest. His thin, delicious lips. Xephos' explanation washed over Lalna's head as his overly active brain reeled, imaginative images flashing before his eyes.

"So basically I just got a bit off coarse on my way back fro-Lalna? Why are you looking at me like that, is something wrong?" Lalna blinked slowly, shaking his head to clear it as a mental image of Xephos drawing closer and licking his lips evaporated, but not without leaving its mark.

Lalna quickly turned away from Xephos, blushing furiously as he tried to hide the bulge that was now growing in his jeans, but the alien had already noticed. Xephos grinned, all thought of returning to Sjin's farm forgotten. Lalna's behavior confirmed what he had suspected for sometime and he was now sure that he would not be put down. He got up from the bed and silently padded across the floor to where Lalna stood, shivering. Xephos grabbed the scientist by the shoulder and spun him around. "Wha-" Before Lalna had a chance to speak Xephos leaned in and kissed him, taking advantage of his unfinished question to slip his tongue into the shocked blond's mouth.

Lalna froze, unsure of what to do as Xephos ran his hands through the blond's unkempt hair. Lalna wound his tongue around Xephos', recovering almost immediately from this pleasant surprise. The spaceman pulled the pair, still kissing passionately, back to the bed he had just vacated. Xephos' calves hit the edge of the bed and he allowed himself to fall gracefully back onto it, Lalna toppling clumsily onto his chest.

Lalna smiled sheepishly as Xephos sat up to pull the scientist's purple shirt off over his head. "Y-You g-g-guessed, then?" "Of course I did Lalna, it's pretty obvious what you're thinking." Xephos responded, rolling his eyes fondly. Lalna's face reddened and he opened his mouth defiantly to respond but was silenced by Xephos' lips as they pressed against his yet again. Xephos pulled away from the kiss to whisper seductivly into his partners ear. "Now take off those trousers. We don't want you to catch a cold now, do we?"

"W-w-why d-doesn't the c-cold aff-fect you X-Xeph?" Lalna questioned, numb fingers eagerly trying to undo the buttons on his jeans. "Well I'm not exactly human now, am I. There's a long and complicated explanation as to why not, but I didn't pull you onto a bed and insist you strip so I could explain why I don't get cold." Xephos chuckled, leaning down to unbutton Lalna's trousers.

Part of Lalna, the part that had stopped him at the sight of Xephos' blood, wanted to pursue this question, but as his rain-drenched jeans, boxers, and shoes were discarded on the floor, he found that he cared very little for anything other than the beautiful spaceman before him. Lalna's hand moved instinctively to cover his groin, but Xephos swatted it away with snort. "It's a bit to late for that."

"I-I'm not r-really sure wh-what to-oooooo..." Lalna moaned in pleasure, his worried mutterings forgotten as Xephos' hand wrapped lightly around his swelling member, rubbing the slit at its tip with his thumb. "Don't worry about that, my darling. You'll learn." Xephos cooed into Lalna's ear, slowly stroking his cock from base to tip, causing Lalna to lean into the spaceman's shoulder, panting softly.

Xephos turned his head slightly to pepper Lalna's neck with kisses. He nibbled at Lalna's collarbone and pumped his cock faster. Lalna whimpered as the spaceman tightened his grip, his head falling back as he felt a burning sensation in the pit of his stomach. "Xeph, mmmm gonna-" Xephos gave his member one long final stroke before he let go, standing up and giving Lalna a slight push so the scientist fell back onto the bed where he lay, breathing heavily and unsure of what to do next while. Did Xephos expect something similar of him? Why didn't this come with an instruction manual!

Lalna lifted his head slightly at the sound of a zipper. Xephos was stepping out of his trousers revealing genitalia unlike Lalna had ever seen before. His length was blue and thick at the base, tapering off to a thin tip. The long, plump, triangular shaped member had a smaller tentacle-like muscle on either side of it. The length wriggled in excitement as Xephos clambered back onto the bed on top of Lalna, the smaller muscles coating it in a clear, gel-like liquid.

Xephos clambered back onto the bed, placing Lalna's legs on either side of his waist. Lalna tore his gaze away from Xephos' length, meeting his new lovers glowing eyes with worried excitement. He was still shivering, but for an entirely different reason than before.

"What do I do Xeph? Will it-mph!" Xephos leaned down, connecting their lips in a lustful kiss and pressing his alien length against Lalna's throbbing cock. Lalna moaned deeply into Xephos' mouth as his erection was slathered with the 'gel' streaming the smaller muscles on the alien's genitalia. It was stretching and contracting, wriggling and wrapping around Lalna as the scientist's eyes slid shut. Xephos had his hands on either side of Lalna's waist and was fighting to constrain his moans. "You worry to much Lal, just enjoy it." Xephos panted into his ear as Lalna moaned for him, blond haired head falling back.

Suddenly, Xephos pulled his hips back, his length stretching as it tried to maintain its contact with Lalna's throbbing cock. The scientist whined and arched his back, desperate for contact. "Xeph, please! Please!" Lalna begged as Xephos pushed his abdomen down, separating them fully, a string of gel still connecting their lengths. Xephos grinned down at Lalna, who was more desperate than the spaceman had ever seen him. Xephos leaned down to kiss him, grasping the pleading man's waist. He was done teasing. Lalna's lust induced begging ended with a loud moan as Xephos pushed fully into him.

The length was slimy, but much hotter than Lalna had expected as it stretched inside of him, coating his entrance with the alien's fluid. Every twitch, wiggle, and contraction of it earned a now deeply moaning Xephos a cry from his new lover. Lalna flung his head back, hands clawing at the sheets as Xephos began thrusting, slowly, his length still squirming inside Lalna.

Their moans rose in pitch and volume as Xephos drove into Lalna with increasing speed and ferocity. Lalna could feel the pressure building in his stomach and he opened his mouth to try and warn the groaning alien. "Ah! Xeph, I-I'm," Xephos thrust deep into Lalna, silencing his warnings and bending his head down over Lalna's sweaty face, slowly moving to nibble on his ear, moaning quietly into it,"Cum for me Lalna." These words lit a

fire in Lalna and he came all over their stomachs, insides clenching around Xephos, crying his name. Xephos followed seconds after, nails digging into Lalna's sides, jetting his seed deep into Lalna, coating his sweet spot.

Xephos pulled out of Lalna with a final groan, curling up under his chin and wiping them clean with the bed sheets. The sudden quiet between them brought out the sounds of the storm raging, strong as ever, outside. Lightning flashed visible through the window, followed immediately by a thunderous boom. Xephos jumped at the sound, pulling Lalna's naked form closer in fright. Lalna opened his eyes, grinning cheekily down at Xephos and putting an arm around the startled spacemun. "I hate thunderstorms", Xephos grumbled sleepily, snuggling closer to Lalna.

Lalna chuckled, closing his eyes and nuzzling his scruffy chin comfortingly into Xephos' hair. "I love thunderstorms."

Credit to snubberdoodle on tumblr

Guilty (S)

TW: Very Small Mention Of Blood, Ambiguous Angst

You start by working more.

He doesn't know why you suddenly throw yourself into your experiments and gadgets but you know and the guilt drives you crazy.

Next you just humm and fake a smile when he tells you that he loves you. Again, he doesn't notice and still greets you with a kiss on the cheek. The guilt gnaws at your gut and you feel like you will throw up when he grins up at you.

The next thing isn't purposeful or planned but it's just as ineffective. You wear the ring that somebody else gave you next to his ring. It's a small thing to him but it means a lot to you. The ring he gave you is heavy and you can't help but stare at it. You don't want to hurt him but you want him to figure it out. Again, the guilt eats at you.

You begin sleeping in the spare bedroom. He's concerned at this but you deny anything is wrong and make up an excuse about "not wanting to wake him up after you're up all night." He buys the excuse even though you internally beg him not to. You don't know why you keep lying when you so very much want to be caught. You want to cry but even you aren't that selfish.

You begin to think he's trying to buy your attention and affection. He makes you the biggest breakfast he can manage and gives you interesting machinery that he finds. You try to decline them with a smile but he doesn't take no for an answer. You don't eat the food, the guilt takes up too much space in your stomach. You want to yell and shout and tell him the truth but you can't. You don't want to hurt him. You go bed with an empty stomach but a heavy heart.

He starts to throw himself at you in a desperate attempt at what you assume is attention. His hands glide along your shoulders and traces patterns onto your back through your lab coat. You try to deny him but his face crumples and you can't do it. You can't say no and you can't tell him the truth. You're a horrible person and you tell yourself that as he sleeps with an arm draped over your bare chest. You want to crawl back to your own bed but his arm is a moral weight that holds you down and stops you from leaving.

You throw in more hints. Trips last weeks and you return with scratches on your back and bruises on your shoulders. He shakes his head with a laugh and sits you down. "Be more careful!" he says as he gently washes away the wounds that you asked for. "You have armour, you should use it." You could tell him right there and then that the scratches aren't from hostile mobs but you don't. Once again, the words stick in your throat and refuse to leave your tongue. You fake a laugh and nod, promising to wear your armour next time. He makes you a new set of diamond armour. You nearly cry. You don't wear it.

You get thinner and he gets more worried. Your work suffers but you don't care any more. You're a horrible person doing a horrible thing. You could stop at any time but you don't, you keep going back for more and more. You could confess at any time but you don't, you keep lying and lying.

The guilt and self-hatred builds up inside of you like poison as you visit them more and more and hurt him more and more. It kills you from the inside until one day you just can't take it. You're eating the dinner he so lovingly made when it happens. He's telling you about his day and how much he misses you when you're on long trips when the words tumble out of your lips.

"I've been cheating on you."

A tidal wave of relief washes over you as the words echo around the small kitchen. You force down the feeling as you watch his face crumple. You

wonder if he's known all along or if this is really a surprise for him. You selfishly hope for the former.

"W-what?" he stutters, blinking fast as his mouth hangs agape. The fork he's holding drops down onto the table and his hands shake slightly. You want nothing more than to look away and not have to watch him break apart but you force yourself to. You've been a coward for too long and you deserve the hurt.

"For 3 months now."

Now that you've started, the works come much easier. Every syllable makes it easier to breathe and you wish you had done this so much sooner.

"Oh."

He bites his lip and turns his head so he doesn't have to look at you. You don't blame him. You wouldn't want to look at you either. He takes in a shuddering breath and you prepare yourself for the shouting.

"Who?"

You blink back your surprise. Out of all the things you expected him to say, this wasn't one of them. It should have been obvious really, you should have known him well enough to know he would ask who.

"Do you really want to know?"

He shakes his head before turning back to you. His eyes are sad but accepting, as if he's a man awaiting his death.

"No, but I need to know."

You guess it's only fair that you tell him. You say the name and he buries his head in his hands.

"Oh god, oh god," he repeats to himself and you feel like your words were the final chop. "I can't believe this."

You raise your hand to comfort him but you immediately think better of it. You want this to be as quick and painless as possible and you doubt touching him right now would help.

"Why?"

You can see the tears drip down his cheeks and onto the table. You stand up to get him a tissue but he looks up and you sit back down straight away.

"Why what?"

"Why tell me now? Why do it? Why them? Why...why..." he breaks down and the guilt comes back full force. You wonder if it will ever go away.

"I've wanted to tell you from the start!" You rush out your words, hoping the faster you speak, the faster this will be over with. "I just couldn't hurt you like that!"

He laughs bitterly and gestures to the untouched food on your plate.

"And this was the time to do it? On our anniversary? I-I'm sure you really didn't want to hurt me."

You had lost track of time. You didn't know. For the first time since everything started, you let yourself cry.

"I didn't mean to do it today! I didn't even know-"

"Of course you didn't!"

He's never yelled at you like this before. He was always the calm one in arguments, the type of person to ignore him instead of shouting. You wish he would ignore you once again.

"Why did you do it? Was I not good enough for you?"

Hurt slips into his voice and he goes quieter.

"Do you not love me any more?"

You wish he was yelling again. This hurts a lot more. Each quivering word is like a small knife in your heart and you just want it to stop.

"I do love you!"

You don't know if you love him any more but you say it anyway, hoping it helps.

"I... I just felt like our relationship had fizzled out and this new one was just so exciting and-"

"Then why cheat?"

The words are almost a whisper but it still cuts you off. He sounds utterly defeated and crushed.

"I...I didn't want to..."

"Didn't want to hurt me?"

You nod and he wipes at his tears with the back of his hand. You stand up at the same time he does, arm outstretched. He shakes his head and your arm falls.

"You should have said," he says as he walks over to the sink. He pours himself some water and refuses to look at you. "That would have hurt a lot less. We could have talked about it, sorted things out."

"I'm sorry."

His shoulders slump and his grip on the glass tightens. The room is silent for a moment and you consider leaving to pack your bags.

The glass shattering into tiny sharp shards in his hand stops that thought immediately.

"I'm so stupid!"

He curses at himself and now blood mixes with his tears.

"I should have known! I thought that you were busy with work but you weren't, were you?! You were just having so much fun with them that you couldn't even spare me a minute of your time!"

He doesn't make any movement to clean up the blood or fix his hand but you don't dare go near him.

"You made me worry about you every night while you were in someone else's bed, not giving me a single thought!"

"It wasn't like that..."

You take a step closer and he begins to sob again. You close the distance and gingerly take his injured hand in your own. All the fight leaves his body as you turn on the tap and place his bleeding hand under the cold stream.

"Please don't lie to me."

You grab the towel on the bench and carefully wrap it around his hand. He's pointedly staring at you and it causes your stomach to flip.

"I thought about you every minute." You confess as you lead him to sit back down at the table. "I promise you, I did."

He continues to stare at you.

"That doesn't make it better."

"I know."

Because you do know and you wish you didn't.

There is silence once more as you check his hand to see if it's still bleeding. You're wondering if the largest of the cuts will need stitches when he finally speaks.

"Is this it?"

It's all he says but he doesn't need to say more. You know exactly what he means.

"Yes, I think so."

He nods wipes at his tears. You want to reach out and brush away the tears but you can't do that any more. You lost the right to when you intentionally hurt him.

"Do you regret it?"

He needs closure and you understand that. You wish you could get closure but you don't allow yourself to be selfish.

"Yes."

He nods and stands up, walking to the bedroom. You follow, unsure of what to do next. You're still waiting for him to hit you or start shouting at you again. You're once again surprised when he begins to pack his own stuff into a large bag.

"This was your castle to begin with," he explains as he pulls on his favourite red jacket. "This way it's easier."

"I am so sorry," you say as you pull him into a hug. He doesn't push you away but he doesn't return the hug either. "I really am so sorry."

You feel him nod against your shoulder and you realise you're making this harder than it has to be. He wants a clean break and it's the least you can do to give him one.

"Where will you be staying?" You ask once he steps out of your loose embrace and turns back to packing. "I can-"

"I think it's best that we don't see each other for a while."

You nod and apologize once again. He grabs his bags and walks out to the stables he built. He grabs his favourite horse and hooks his bag to the saddle.

"Xephos..." You say and he pauses but doesn't turn around.

"Yes?"

You smile sadly as he climbs onto the horse.

"I didn't love them, not for one minute."

He takes in a deep breath and grabs the reins.

"That makes it worse, Lalna."

And with that, he's gone.

But the guilt is still there.

And so is the stabbing of regret in your heart.

Credit to Xephin on tumblr

Starry Eyed (S)

TW: None :)

It was a clear and starry night. The waters of Craggy Island reflected the moon's glow in an almost mystic way. The day had been hot, too hot to work, so Xephos and Lalna had spent it floating lazily on the surface of the ocean.

"Another day well spent." Lalna chuckled as he clambered onto the shore, shaking his head in an attempt to dry his mane of hair. Xephos followed him, looking around for where they had put their towels. "It beats burning up working on the factory." He reasoned, spotting the towels and making his way to them. He picked them up and tossed one at Lalna, who was looking in the opposite direction. It hit him in the back of the head and fell into the sand. Lalna jumped slightly, trying and failing to catch it before it got all dirty. He shot a glare at Xephos and reached down to grab and dust off his towel. The spaceman ruffled out his towel and laid it down on the beach, settling himself down on top of it.

"Man, the view sure is nice." Xephos smiled, looking up at Lalna's butt.

"Yeah, the constellations are really breathtaking." He replied, wrapping his towel around his waist and laying down next to the brunet, who was snickering to himself.

"What's so funny?" The scientist questioned, tearing his gaze from the sky to look at his "friend".

"Nothing" He said quickly with an innocent look on his face. The blond raised an eyebrow, but kept his mouth shut. Silence stretched on as the stars climbed higher, the waves lapping at the shore. As the night engulfed the island, the glow from Xephos' eyes became the only thing illuminating the beach. Lalna couldn't help but stare at the mesmerizing blue light.

"How do your eyes do that?" He asked, rolling over to face Xephos entirely.

"Well wouldn't you like to know" The spaceman grinned.

"That's why I asked" He said dryly, clearly not amused by the statement. Xephos turned to Lalna, not sure what to say.

"It's just my anatomy, I guess"

"How do you not know?" Lalna leaned closer to his face, shaking the sand off his hands as he reached over to inspect Xephos' eyes. He carefully pulled open the spaceman's eyelids, staring intently into the blue pools. Xephos' expression of shock slowly shifted into a knowing smirk. It was then that Lalna realized just how close they were. Turning steadily red, he then attempted to move away from the grinning brunet, but was instead pulled closer until their lips met. Lalna squeaked out of surprise as Xephos entangled his fingers into the scientist's long messy hair. They broke apart, gasping for air. The spaceman's eyes were now glowing even brighter, their light shinning onto Lalna's face. All the blond could do was gaze into them, seeing the cosmos reflected within. Xephos looked upwards into the celestial plane just in time to see a shooting star leap across it and Lalna could see it in his eyes.

Credit to muffdash and snubberdoodle on tumblr

Late Night (S)

TW: Babby drabble

"It's two a.m. Lal, go to sleep!" Xephos mumbled into his pillow, pulling it up around his ears to drown out the endless clicking of Lalna's laptop. "But I've just had an amazing idea and I need to get it down before I forget." Lalna reasoned, eyes glued to the screen. Xephos groaned and pulled his head out of his pillow to glare sleepily at his boyfriend in the darkness of their bedroom. "That was the excuse 3 hours ago! Just go to sleep so that I can go to sleep." The persistent clicking paused for just a moment as Lalna glanced at the time. His mouth fell open as he read it; 2:13 a.m. "Oh my god. Xeph, I'm so sorry I didn't realize ... I thought it was ten!"

Xephos rolled his eyes, wrapping his arms lightly around Lalna's chubby waist as the blond shut his laptop, placed it on the bedside table, and wiggled down into Xephos' grasp. "I need to find a way to tire you out Lal." Xephos murmured into Lalna's shoulder and already drifting off to sleep. The man chuckled, pressing his back closer to Xephos' stomach and closing his eyes. "I have an idea on how you could do that Xephy." Lalna yawned. Xephos grinned slightly into his pillow, nuzzling his bearded chin into Lalna's shoulder. He had a feeling they had the same idea.

Their breathing slowed to a sync as they drifted into sleep's calm and peaceful arms. Tomorrow was going to be interesting.

Credit to Snubberdoodle on tumblr

Rematch (N)

TW: Sexual Content

The sun was beginning to set, and everything in front of the giant Jaffa Factory was all ready covered in shadow. It was a nice evening, not a storm cloud in sight and the trio was preparing to close up shop. It had been a few days since that huge storm, and Lalna was determined to catch Xephos unprepared, ready for a rematch. This time, Lalna wouldn't be caught off-guard.

Xephos was already out the door, making a bee line for the fence and his evening walk around it. Honeydew moved to follow him, but Lalna grabbed his shoulder. "Honeydew?" The dwarf spun around and looked quizzically up at him. "What's up Lal?""Er- do you think you could, um, stay out of the bed shed tonight?" Honeydew raised an eyebrow, chest shaking with silent laughter. "For what or, more likely, for whom do you need the shed for, may I ask?" He asked, grinning. "Nothing in particular." Lalna rushed, trying and failing to sound casual. Honeydew just snorted, "Allright, I'll leave you two alone then. It's not like I'm tired out from a hard days work or anything." Lalna smiled, to excited and relieved to come up with a witty retort. Honeydew proceeded back into the inner workings of the factory as Lalna bolted to the shed, stomach churning as he saw Xephos' slowly shrinking figure against the setting sun. He almost ran into the shed door, but managed to open it before face planting, shutting it quietly behind him. The sun continued its downward decent as Lalna paced around the shed, ears pricked for any sign of Xephos.

After several minutes of anxious pacing, Lalna froze. Whistling could be heard growing closer and closer, a tune that everyone associated with Xephos. Footfalls soon became audible and Lalna slid silently to the wall next to the door, out of sight for anyone outside. Lalna's heart raced as the wooden door creaked open, the light from inside spilling out onto cool dark grass, the suns dying rays reaching into the night sky. Xephos stepped into the room, but before he could turn around to close the door, Lalna pounced.

He grabbed Xephos, spinning the startled spaceman around to face him, kissing him hungrily. Xephos cried out in shock, pushing Lalna away from him. "What the hell!" Lalna stood back for just a second, allowing Xephos to get his bearings. Recognition flared in Xephos' eyes and he opened his mouth to speak. Lalna seized his chance, pressing his lips against Xephos' and slipping his tongue into the others mouth, tasting the man he hadn't realized he had been missing. He glided his hands up Xephos' chest, working them under his red and gold jacket, which was pushed of the taller mans shoulders and fell onto the floor.

Xephos tangled his fingers in Lalna's crazy blond hair, sliding the others lab coat off with his remaining hand. They slowly made their way to the bed behind Lalna, who was working the buttons of Xephos' snug leather pants. Xephos made to push Lalna backwards onto the bed, but before he managed it, Lalna spun them around, pushing Xephos down onto the edge of the bed and pulling the alien's trousers down with him as he sank down in between Xephos' now bare legs. "So what brought this on?" Xephos questioned, staring greedily down at Lalna, his tentacle-like length already twitching in anticipation. "We've barely talked since, well, since last time and I thought this was well in order." Lalna responded, rubbing Xephos' squirming tip and drawing a shrill whine from his lips.

Xephos' attempted response was cut off by a deep moan as Lalna ran his tongue up Xephos' wriggling member. It tried curling around his tongue, then slid behind Lalna's warm lips and snaked down his throat, making him gag slightly. Lalna proceeded to bob his head up and down, not entirely sure what he was doing, but the sounds falling from Xephos' lips and the hand gliding through his hair told him he was doing it right. The length tasted strangely sweet due to the smaller muscles coating it in a clear, viscous fluid. It forced its self down Lalna's throat, pulling back to wiggle in the hot damp cave of his mouth while the smaller appendages coated his lips.

Lalna had swallowed a few mouthfuls of the stuff, and he was begging to feel groggy and lightheaded. He pulled his head back, grabbing at Xephos' thighs for support. The spaceman groaned and pulled at Lalna's hair. "Come on Lal!" Lalna went limp, allowing his head to be pushed and pulled up and down by Xephos' hand, his vision beginning to blur. He tried again to pull

his head away, but Xephos just bucked his hips forward with a cry, oblivious to his partners condition. With a sudden stillness, Xephos' length jolted a thick substance deep into Lalna's throat, causing him to gag and cough. Lalna pulled his head back with glowing, translucent alien seed dribbling down his cheek and Xephos' face swimming before his eyes. The spaceman's mouth was moving, but he wasn't speaking any language Lalna could recognize . Tipping his head up toward the ceiling, Lalna stared wide-eyed at the tendrils of brightly colored fire swaying like trees on the ceiling. He only managed a drunken sounding giggle before he was falling backward onto the cold floor, eyes thudding closed in whirl of color.

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Lalna awoke with a pounding headache, the sunlight drifting through the windows piercing his eyelids. Every minute morning sound was amplified and pulsing in his brain. Lalna groaned and tried to roll away from the sunlight, but he was prevented from doing so by Xephos, who was sitting cross-legged on the bed next to him. "Lalna, you're awake! Are you all right? How do you feel?" Lalna squinted up at Xephos' face, noting the dark circles under his glowing blue eyes. "How long've you been up Xeph?" Lalna grumbled, closing his eyes in an attempt to lessen the headache that was rattling his skull. "That doesn't matter, are you-""I feel like someone got me drunk and then gave me the flu. You can either go or stay here and shut up."

Heat filled the bed beside Lalna as Xephos slid in beside the scientist, who noted that the spaceman was still missing his pants. "Well, we know not to do that again, don't we Lal." Xephos whispered into his partners ear as he adjusted himself around Lalna, draping an arm around his waist. Lalna just grunted and slowly moved further into Xephos' grasp. "Yeah, I guess we do."

Credit to Snubberdoodle on Ao3

Lead By Example (N)

TW: Cannibalism, Unhealthy Relationships, Sexual Content, use of strong language, Daddy Issues

"I see a chicken." Hands slid down his bare legs, "Bock bock chicken..." The imitation of the animal was deliberately slow, far from the use to be seen as the real bird. The eyes of the titled bird man stared wide, his attention forming an intense dig into the depths of the face before him.

"Do you want to eat a chicken?" The curious head inched to come into contact with his shoulder, his stare staying directly on his target. His brown hair trailed along the pillow that supported him as his chest pushed to give power to his placid expression. "Tell me, Lalnable, do you want to eat this chicken?"

The blonde man's hum rumbled through his body, "Hmm, I do like me some white meat." Again his hands traveled along the pale skin, "Bock bock..." He repeated, clicking his tongue at the finishing of his teasing.

Under the heavy body the man never broke his stare. Cradling soft toes in his palms he exposed his mouth and in his silence breathed with animals call, letting his lips come together after each sound. He rubbed his thumbs along the ankles, holding the tops of the feet like precious glass. "Butter..?" With smooth movements his neck pulled straight, his head away from his shoulders, his stare still drilling. "Do you want me with butter?"

Measured sways of his shoulders, Lalnable bit at his lip. "I want to savour you Xephos, devour you. So scrumptious..." Tightening his legs around the prominent hips with a mock lift of his body the hover he held followed by the messy crash back down into the bed brought the unyielding blue eyes to blink. "I hear chickens go well with saffron..."

The held body collapsed as every bead of air left their lungs. Teeth were sucked as they contemplated, "A sprinkle of it?" Xephos slinked his arms

up the warm thighs to fall back down and cup at the firm knees.

A dark chuckle bounced from Lalnable's mouth, "You tempt me... slather you with butter, decorate your edges with spices." His head lowered, his glossed over eyes relaxed as they moved closer to the motionless blue, "I'm surprised I haven't gobbled you up yet." His verge of a sickening smile was broken, letting him display the teeth that had cut into the once friends of the man under him. "How I would love to lap every last morsel off your bones... drink your fluids."

Eyes whipped to the puffing lips, feebly trying to hide their advancing breath. Lalnable's head shot in a tilt, "Am I scaring you?" He tutted, popping his jaw, "I like it when they beg." Catching a small budding of drool in the corner of his mouth Lalnable smiled, "If you beg for me Xephos, I might be nice and let you join them."

Fingers floated down to grip onto Xephos' hands, dragging them up to be placed on the blonde's stomach. "If you miss them so much you can join them." Leading the long fingers around Lalnable directed the man's hands to rub across his plump skin. "You can be with your scientists again."

Letting his hands break away and take their own lead Xephos caressed along the round belly, "My scientists..." The break in his voice flew into the back of his throat, choking him with his long since buried emotions.

Watching as the hands continued to move Lalnable puffed out his stomach, "You should be proud of them. They made me so full." Neglecting the other's hands he let his fingers creep their way to the high cheek bone, cementing their greedy grip. "If only daddy could see us now. If only he didn't leave you." The hands against his soft flesh twitched as they slowed their movements, coming to a full rest at the blonde's hips.

"He was so selfish. All he did was give the chromosomes, and then left you to raise a test tube baby by yourself." His voice dripped like molasses from his teeth, as his tongue slid out of his mouth, taking in another escaped drop of drool. Picking up a quivering hand in his calm grasp another cracked shiver sped out through the finger tips. Selecting out the curved thumb and without any forewarning, he shoved it into his mouth.

Lalnable watched with a fascinated spark of glee as he gently tongued around the digit, nipping mildly at the knuckle. The sounds in his mouth slushed, the over salivating inner cheeks sticking snuggly to the thumb as he took in another finger. He let the digits swim with his tongue and splash in his collection of saliva, popping them out to visibly drip.

"You've been such a good mommy. Taking care of me all by yourself." The words lacked any emotion, a computer chattering on its delivered script. Holding securely at the wrist Lalnable enjoyed as the spit dripped down the forearm.

"I wish you would stop calling me that." The lips that formed together made more noise than the man's voice, his stern level falling. An involuntary jerk exploded through his frame, "Lalnable..." He tried to hold his whine as the fingernails dug deeper into his skin.

The half lidded eyes played as innocent, pretending he didn't know what the fingers were doing. "But you're such a wonderful mommy." Yanking up the arm with a sudden force Lalnable chuckled as a pop from the shoulder echoed through the bare room, pulling harder again to lift Xephos' top half away from the mattress. "I see what you do to keep me here."

The wide eyes regained their concentration, trying to quickly study and predict the actions the man would take. Leaning forward without his face conveying his thoughts Lalnable's tongue found the corner of the trembling lips. With the tip of the wet muscle he traced around he rounded lips, lazily snaking up to lap at the tear sneaking out from the unmoving eye.

"I know what you write on my charts." Squeezing his free fingers deep into Xephos cheek Lalnable hushed the other with a small breath, "Don't worry, I'm not mad." His skilled tongue caught another stray tear, "There's no need to be afraid." Letting his hand shift Xephos' head from side to side he pouted his lips, "You're not afraid of me are you?"

His open mouth, dangerously agape to find air threatened to catch flies but Xephos juddered his head to answer the question. "No... no I'm not afraid of you."

Increasing his grip into the smooth cheek Lalnable clicked his tongue, "Well there must be something that scares you. You're crying so much."

Compelling a smile to his lips Xephos struggled to keep his eyes open as tears still slipped down his cheeks. "I'm not crying." He lied with a shake in his voice.

A tight grin pushed at Lalnable's cheeks, "Oh, I could never be angry at you mommy Xephos." Releasing every hold he had on the man he watched as the brown hair again covered the pillow, "But you do have to understand, calling me unfit for society, it hurts my feelings." Clasping his hands loosely together Lalnable pushed at his chin, "I'm just like daddy. One hundred percent the same."

Lifting his strained arm Xephos reached for the busied hands, "Yes, you're just like your father." As his hand landed on the heated cheek he tried not to move as a nose nuzzled between his fingers.

The inhale ghosted across Xephos' skin, "You smell like a chicken too." Lalnable grinned as he gummed at the palm, "Scared that I can be so medically sound and yet be able to do what I do, isn't that right Xephos?"

Tensing his hand as the teeth grew rougher Xephos clamped his lips together, supressing his arguments.

"How do you sleep at night, knowing that," Tapping at his skull with a lone finger Lalnable continued, "I'm just like everybody else? How could I be able to chew at the remains of your scientists and still be all fine up here?" Clacking his teeth together Lalnable dropped his finger, "How do you sleep at night knowing that terrifying detail?"

Scoping up the gruff chin Xephos could feel his last tears seep into the skin on his face. "I sleep soundly, with you in my arms."

Content with the response and mapping out his actions Lalnable took hold of the stationary hand, "You did really well in raising me."

Feeling as his touch was led down to be dropped on his chest Xephos pushed himself to smile again, "I did..."

"I'm exactly like daddy." Rubbing delicately at the sore shoulders he let his blonde hair fall around to curtain his face, hiding as he sluggishly fell lower and lower, his lips meeting the weak brow.

"Yes, you're exactly like your father."

Credit to IdlePace on Ao3

Red-Handed (N)

TW: Sexual Content, Set in Tekkit

Lalna held the landmark in his hand, scratching his head. He was in the caverns beneath the work sheds, mapping out another underground quarry. The moment he placed it, he realised he was a landmark short, checking his pockets frustratedly. He sighed, and climbed the ladder up to the old hatch. Lifting it open gently, he pulled himself up onto the cool marble floor. As he stood up, he stopped suddenly; moans drifted through the high doorway. He tiptoed over to the door to leave, reaching for the handle when he heard Honeydew grunt, "Jesus Christ Xeph'," his breathing heavy. Lalna stood, his hand still outstretched, his curiosity fatally piqued. He bit his lip, unable to resist as he withdrew his hand, and turned to creep towards the ladder. He peered over it, unprepared for the sight that met his eyes: Xephos was on his knees, bent over the foot of Honeydew's bed, his hands clawing at the sheets as Honeydew's cock drove into him, the dwarf's hands gripping his hips, his head tipped back in ecstasy.

Lalna's jaw dropped, a shocked breath falling from his lips. He covered his mouth with his hand, afraid they would hear him, but the sound was lost as Xephos groaned, "Fuckin' hell..."

Lalna's fingers clung to the ladder, and he realised absently that he was rubbing his groin against the lower rungs, his own cock hardening as he watched his friends. He shakily moved one of his hands down, unzipping his trousers, and wrapping his trembling fingers around his member. He bit down on his spare hand's knuckles to quieten himself, his eyes glued to the pair as Honeydew's skin slapped against Xephos' behind, the sound making Lalna's lips quiver.

Lalna tightened his grasp, moving his hand swiftly up and down, his breathing erratic as he tried to remain silent. Honeydew and Xephos came within seconds of each other; Honeydew first, cursing loudly as he thrust hard into Xephos as deeply as he could, Xephos following with a staggered

exhale, his cum splattering the sheets. The two separated, Xephos pulling himself up to sit on the end of the bed, the dwarf collapsing next to him, catching his breath.

Lalna wasn't far behind, his palm hot with friction as he came, a strangled whimper escaping his mouth. Xephos' head turned at the noise, just seeing a glimpse of Lalna's blonde hair as the scientist ducked, biting his tongue.

"What was that?" Honeydew asked, lifting his head from the bed.

"Er," Xephos started, his eyes fixed on the high doorway. "Probably nothing," he lied.

In the other half of the shed, Lalna struggled to quietly tidy himself up, his face bright red as he stared down with worry at the puddle of cum on the floor.

"I definitely heard something," Honeydew said, getting up, and walking toward the ladder.

Lalna had crouched to wipe the worst of his emissions away with the corner of his labcoat, the fabric seeming to only smudge it when he heard Honeydew's footsteps and froze, holding his breath.

"You're hearing things, friend," Xephos smiled, standing quickly to move in front of the ladder. He bent to kiss the dwarf, his hands gently tugging him back to the bed. Honeydew soon forgot the noise as Xephos' tongue twisted around his own.

Lalna let out a silent breath of relief, treading softly towards the door. He slipped out, pressing it shut with minute care before he flew quickly up, heading north to his lab. The cool air nipped at his cheeks as they continued burning scarlet, his boxers stuck uncomfortably against his groin, the image of his friends flashing in his mind whenever he dared to blink.

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When he had washed and scoured the evidence off his clothing, Lalna returned to the jaffa factory, gulping as he stood outside the main door. He took a deep breath, and walked in.

"Lalna, where've you been?" Honeydew greeted him. "Xeph's ballsed up the automatic crafting bench."

"I have not!" chimed in Xephos, his head appearing from behind the machine wall, a wrench in his hand.

"Let's have a look," Lalna said, unable to meet their eyes.

Fixing the machine was a laborious task, but Lalna was glad of the distraction. Honeydew took his leave as the afternoon wore on, a burgeoning stack of wheat filling his arms as he staggered towards Pig Island whistling merrily. Xephos stood behind Lalna, watching him work in the shadow of the machine wall, fetching wires and pipes as he needed them. They spoke only in bland chit-chat, Lalna avoiding Xephos' gaze.

Finally, Xephos had to say something. "Lalna, about earlier..."

Lalna's fingers tensed against the wrench in his hand. "Hmm?"

"I saw you," Xephos said simply.

"Saw me?" Lalna answered innocently, his cheeks growing hot.

"You know I did," Xephos replied, looking directly at the scientist. "Watching us."

"Oh, er," Lalna stammered. "Yeah, that."

"I didn't tell Honeydew," Xephos whispered, leaning closer.

"Thanks," Lalna said.

"Going by the state of the floor, we were, erm, *entertaining*," Xephos smiled. "Don't worry, I cleaned it up," he added as the scientist turned to him in panic.

Lalna wondered if it was possible to feel more awkward than he did at this moment. "Sorry," he mumbled.

When Xephos put his hand on Lalna's shoulder, his skin tingled beneath the man's palm. "Are you lonely, friend?" Xephos asked suddenly.

"What?" Lalna replied, the question catching him off guard. "Well, I..." he trailed off.

Xephos eyed him critically. He rested his other hand on Lalna's cheek, his thumb rubbing the scientist's soft skin fondly before he bent to kiss him squarely on the lips. Lalna squeaked, mental images rushing through his thoughts of the man's skin seized by Honeydew's hands, beads of his sweat caught between the dwarf's fingers. Lalna felt his cock stirring, and cursed internally. Not now, he thought, any time but now! He pulled away, hurriedly standing up, and turning away from Xephos. He held his hands low over his groin attempting to hide his erection.

"Lalna, I didn't mean-" Xephos said, grabbing the scientist's arm as he strode in front of him. His eyes flickered down, and he realised in an instant. "Oh! ... Oh, Lalna," he said softly.

Lalna blushed furiously, his member throbbing as he stared at his shuffling feet. The chickens nesting by the warm solar pipes clucked at one another in the silence. Xephos reached out, gently lifting Lalna's chin to face him.

"I need t-" Lalna began, shifting toward the door, but Xephos interrupted him, pressing his lips to Lalna's. They backed into the machine wall, a thick cable digging into Lalna's shoulder blades as he cautiously ran the tip of his tongue against Xephos', the man's beard sending tingles across his jaw. Xephos crept one hand down Lalna's chest, cupping it against his groin, his fingers rubbing across the fabric.

"Xeph', please-" Lalna gasped, as Xephos leant his forehead to Lalna's, their noses brushing against one another. Xephos unzipped Lalna's trousers, slipping his hand inside. Lalna shuddered hard as Xephos' hand found his cock, grasping it firmly, the scientist's mouth falling open. The man's fingers seemed to spark on Lalna's skin, nerve endings twitching at his

touch. As Xephos worked Lalna's member, he kept his eyes on him, watching his head lolling against the basalt bricks, grabbing intermittent breaths as Xephos sped up, pushing him closer to breaking point.

With a long soft groan, Lalna felt himself coming, his body jerking against Xephos as his semen dotted the man's thigh. For a moment he could think of nothing but the sensations flooding through him, blocking out all logic. His legs grew limp, and he was grateful for the wall behind him, leaning much of his weight against it.

"Better?" Xephos asked, smiling at the scientist's satisfied expression.

"Yeah," Lalna breathed.

Credit to myranium on Ao3

As Arachnids Do (N)

TW: Cannibalism, Unhealthy Relationships, Sexual Content, Blood

Cupboards do indeed fly when I get those cravings. The cupboards aren't safe; neither is the fridge, the basement pantry and especially not even the freezer. I have to find something. There has to be something to quell my tongue within the blasted containers. The breast of a chicken, a can of tuna, even a placid hotdog would do. Just something with that swell of iron, that burst of salt and soft squish between my teeth.

When I find some small morsel, when I can finally shove the blasted thing into my waiting open jaws, I can almost close my eyes and feel at peace; almost, for a second or two. A shiver goes down my back and I crave more. You know it's never enough, the replacements you give me, but that never stops you from trying, now does it?

I wonder if you're trying to starve me; keeping away for so long. The longer you make me wait the worse the next visit is going to be. You say I go too far, but you know that's a lie. I always keep you alive at the end of it don't I? You're too selfish for your own good. Why can't you think of others? You're keeping me here, starving me, its cruelty and no one phones the police for my shake.

I ask for so little; a nibble here and there. Maybe if I'm rather peckish a heftier chunk, but I always keep that pretty little body of yours intact. Sometimes I think I'm too kind for my own good, letting you have control over my meals as well as my freedom of mobility. Oh yes, you can keep letting yourself think that you're in control, that your word is the one to listen to and mine are the ones to ignore, but that's because I let you live in your head of ignorant bliss.

Now come home to me. I need your taste on my tongue again. I'll play my part so well for you; you'll never know reality from my stage presence. You can pet my hair, kiss my lips, take me in your arms, I won't tell a soul. You

can call me by his name, whisper it in my ear. I'll moan just like he does and call your name so softly. Lead me like the way you love to.

Take us down to that mattress you sacrifice your sanity to, I'll hold as your anchor; just give me an early snack. I'll keep it light, something to tide me over before our swim into this bottomless lie. Your legs kick so well, but you can't resist the lull as we rock with each wave you hit. Your shrieks, they pull me in closer, you sly siren. I'll finish what I started, when the time we have permits.

Call me by the name you love, shout it louder, *louder*. Call me by *his* name, by *his* pet name, stutter *his* letters. Pull my hair, grab me as hard as you please, I'll let you do it all. You can call it passion; romance; *desire* and I'll gently keep to my thoughts of entertainment before a meal.

Direct me on what to do, tell me what to say, I'll do it all to secure my reward. Of course, I'll gladly scream your name, beg for your attention, and whisper the words you have rehearsed with me so well. Which part do I play tonight? You always tell me so hastily, as if our seconds are rare. Do not fret, I'm still here, I'll always be here... waiting.

You always prefer for the predator to overtake you, don't you? I could call you lazy; your part needs no work. I could joke about how many times we've been here before, but you haven't told me to say those snide words, so I don't. I'll stay quiet, licking my lips as I wait. Predator is my favourite part; I do take pleasure in seeing you squirm under me, with your fear and animalistic lust. When you act on your embedded instincts, I almost think we're the same. That we are so close to being one of the same mind, but as I catch your smell and hear the crack of your voice I know I've just been playing with my food for too long.

Call me by *his* name! Say it, as I feel my stomach bubble with acid while my drool is lazily caught by my tongue. I can hear my body crave its nutrients as you fall further into your dream world. Your eyes close and it's just like how you always wanted it to be. I can feel my guts growl and my teeth grit as I know my humouring of you is close to an end. I'll pretend to care, that I'm there feeling the same as you. I'll cry with your screams, and breathe with your pants and tense with your muscles. I'll do it all; I am

equipped, because you made me so. You made me to crave you so much that just shuddering with your ecstasy wasn't enough for me; it couldn't quench my undying thirst for you. What a shame for your miscalculations.

I wait for your nerves to die down, for your eyes to stop fluttering and your grip to release. I give you a moment of rest; I am a gentleman of course. Though once I hear your throat clear and your body shift, I know it's my time to reap what I've earned.

Your shoulders are the best place to start, so tense from our previous mingling, so fun to bite into. Though that's just to wet my tongue, satisfying you is very thirsty business. When I drink your warm tangy liquid you fall fast out of your state of bliss and lies. You're so quick to whine when you know it's my turn. You can call me deranged now, I won't mind, now that you again fully realize I'm not *him*. Tell me how he would never do this and how better the real one is, I've heard it all before. As long as I can get my fill I don't care what words you spew anymore. As long as you remember that you're the one who comes back to me, who keeps me here like a selfish child, all for himself. Try and remember that.

When I move to your arms or the appetizers as I love to call them, your cries get softer. I try the best to coo you to ease, it's so hard to digest when you're voice stabs my ears. It will be alright, I'll eat around the muscle, just your pure milky skin for this part. How dull and salty it is on my tongue. The small textures in your skin leads my tongue to wander, I can get quite gluttonous at this time, it's so hard not to be when the soft meat separates between my teeth. Your blood as the gravy makes you so extra tender. I savour every bite as I grind each chunk to minuscule bits, chewing well is only polite.

The thighs, your thighs, are my favorite. I save them for last every time. Sure your other spots are a nice nip and I avoid your face because you fear questions, but your thighs are top quality. At times I stop myself to admire the marks I've riddled you with, stroking the beautiful regrown skin. You may be face down, muffled by your pillow but I can hear what you say. Cooking what I eat beforehand might be beneficial for my health but my response will always be the same. Before I dive into my meal I'll rub all

along the backs of your legs and tell you that you keep the meat warm enough already. I could be described as a romantic in those sorts.

I know it's not as bad as you make it out to be, so why do you scream so loudly? It's even louder than you did before when it was your turn. Your cries will do nothing to deter me from my long awaited feast. I can see the meat, the skin, it peels and flattens as my teeth pull it away from you. Again your blood brings a much needed tenderizer to your meat; you need to not work so hard, you're making my meals so tough. When I go without this for so long I dream about what it will taste like again. At times I contemplate spices and seasonings, but nothing should ever distract me from how satisfying you already are.

Yes, call me an animal and curse that you ever made me, your blood flows so much nicer when you're angry. Wonder aloud about what could have been if all the details were right, if I had been made perfect for you, but how am I not be perfect for you? I worship every span of your skin, every line of blood and mouthful I can gather. I can't be too far off from your first envisions. You again just wanted to keep every part of your delicious body to yourself, never wanting to share. You wanted all of me but didn't want to give anything back, so greedy. Now it looks like fate has turned for you and I've fallen in your lap, hungry and restless. You were so certain you could change me, steer me to what you wanted, but your will broke so easily when you knew my eyes were his. All I had to do was ask, and you gave so willingly.

So as you patch yourself up and I floss my teeth, don't tell me that these moments have to stop. I know you will come back again, hungrier than me to find your fill. You say you have power and all the control, but let's just remember who gives in to my gnawing teeth and well-acted eyes. I can make you crumble at any time, make you believe I hold your dreams, and as my teeth once again tear into your flesh, you'll know you can never win.

Credit to IdlePace on Ao3

A Favor (N)

TW: Smut, Set In Voltz

Author's Note: I totally made all the shit up regarding the assembly of the power glove.

For some reason, whenever Xephos looked at him, Lalna's stomach would churn and a lump would form in his throat. He'd have to shake his head to rid the thoughts forming and cough. Those eyes just did something to him; made him go weak in the knees and blush bright red.

And then the touches. Lalna would be bent down, working on the reactor or finish the power armour, and there'd be a whisper and a hand would graze down his back or over his shoulder, even going as far as to grab his hip. Lalna would freeze, savoring the caress and holding his breath till the hand disappeared. Then turn around with a questioning expression only to be met with Xephos' sly smirk. He'd begin to ask, then, out of embarrassment and apprehension, turn back around to continue with whatever he was doing.

Today began no differently. Lalna sat, tinkering away with the power glove portion of his armour. He wore it while he held a wire his his mouth, pulled taught and taking a pair of pliers to the back. He was just about to loop it around the screw and connect it to the power node, when a tap on the shoulder made his head jerk, snapping the wire in his teeth. He cursed and pulled the glove off, setting his tools down. He spun to face Xephos, who snickered at the man's frustration.

"Thanks a fucking lot, you see what you did?" Lalna accused, holding the unfinished glove up and shaking it in his face.

"Oh, calm down, you pansy. You can always make another," Xephos said, flicking his hand like it wasn't a big deal.

"Yeah, except that we haven't seen any cows or sheep for bloody miles. You know how difficult this'll be?"

"No," the man smiled.

Lalna gave an impatient huff and scowled. "Well, then go away. I've got business to take care of."

"I don't think you can shoo me away that easily," Xephos said, stepping closer. He grabbed the hem of Lalna's lab coat and tugged him close.

The scientist's breath hitched as those mocking eyes bore into his. For a moment, he tried to push the other away, before succumbing to the fluttery feeling in his stomach and holding still. Xephos noticed, and spread his lips into a pleased smile.

Lalna's was still holding his breath, so when he took a tiny inhale, the other man dipped his head down to press his mouth against his. Lalna made a muffled squeak and pulled his arms back, in a sort of scared gesture. When the spaceman hummed into his mouth, beard tickling his face, Lalna relaxed a bit and carefully placed his hands on the man's shoulders, humming back.

Xephos suddenly pulled away, still holding onto Lalna, to raise one side of his face into a cheeky grin. "Got'cha," he whispered, before bringing their faces together again. He moved his hands from the coat to Lalna's waist, slipping between the parted jacket to tug up on his shirt. Lalna got the idea, but still hesitated. He pulled away so he could speak.

"Should we be doing this now?" he questioned.

"Heh, yeah, why not," Xephos replied, bringing his mouth back to meet Lalna's. He managed to slip his tongue inside and coax him to do the same. Xephos tried again to untuck the shirt, with success, and letting it casually hang before working his way to the buttons. Lalna shuddered as cool hands worked his shirt undone and a palm spread over his chest. His coat was stripped off in one quick movement. He weakly held on to Xephos' arms and tried to get his tongue even further into the others mouth.

He gasped and shivered as Xephos' hands fumbled with his belt buckle and dove a hand inside. His whole body suddenly went rigid as his mind tried to process what was happening. The hand grabbed his stiffening cock and he let out a moan; a long, deep moan that shook him to the core. He bit his lip

as the hand pumped. Collapsing into Xephos' chest, he clung to the man while he was jerked off.

Xephos reveled in the throaty sighs that Lalna was puffing into him. The noises were making his own cock hard. He grunted and pumped faster.

"F-fuck," Lalna swore. He was blushing a deep scarlet and shook with each movement. He could feel the heat building and pushed his nails into the other man's shoulders. With a final stroke, he came over the hand. He sighed deeply, moaning Xephos' name.

"God, I needed that," Lalna's voice shook, still shuddering from his orgasm. Xephos withdrew his hand and shook it, with an almost disgusted look on his face.

"Good, cause you can repay me starting now," he replied. Lalna lifted himself away from Xephos' chest only to have the man take a hold of his shoulder and push him down to his knees.

Xephos let himself collapse into the chair that Lalna was originally on and unzip his trousers. He ushered Lalna's head closer. The scientist gulped and gave the smirking man above him a worried glance.

"Oh, come now. Feeling a bit selfish? Listening to you really got me off. Don't think you can get away without returning the favor."

Lalna cleared his throat and moved himself so he was between Xephos' legs. He slowly reached over to undo the rest of Xephos' pants before shimmying them down his thighs. He moved on to tug his boxers down before hesitating a bit more, and finally yanking them lower. Xephos was slightly hard and throbbing. Lalna gripped the base and gently placed his tongue so that it was barely touching the head. Despite such small contact, Xephos sunk lower in the chair and shivered, moaning.

Lalna enclosed his lips around the whole thing and dipped lower. The man above him hissed in pleasure and egged him on further. He kept going until the member hit the back of his throat, making him gag slightly. The vibration made Xephos wrap his fingers tightly in Lalna's hair.

When the scientist began to bob his head, Xephos mumbled a stream of obscenities. He rolled his head back when a tongue started to glide along the length of his shaft. He felt Lalna jerk back suddenly, causing him to exhale through clenched teeth.

"Ah, fuck..." Xephos managed. A sweet feeling was building in his lower belly. He let it rise till it blossomed into a wave that shot into Lalna's mouth, who choked, but swallowed. His throat wrapped around Xepho's cock, drawing every last drop out of him. Once he was sure Xephos was done, he pulled away and spat.

"God damn, warn me next time," Lalna coughed as he wiped some stay fluids from the corner of his mouth. He stood to fix his shirt.

"Ha! Next time?" Xephos stood and adjusted himself. "You thinking ahead already?"

Lalna glared at him. "You know what I mean," he retorted, and turned to gather his glove and wires. He was about to storm out of the room, but instead, gave a small smile and spun slightly. "But yeah, I guess a 'next time' wouldn't be so bad."

He left Xephos surprised but triumphant, a slick grin toying with his lips.

Credit to macs-works-of-fiction on Tumblr

Jungle Fever (N)

TW: Gay Sex. A Lot.

Lalna scrambled after Xephos in the jungle, his hands and feet getting caught up in the undergrowth as he tried to keep an eye on the spaceman's back as he marched into the hot darkness of the tropical forest.

"Are we close yet Xeph?" Lalna panted, tripping on yet another root. "You said the jungle bee apiary wasn't that far in!" Without looking back, Xephos called over his shoulder to the blonde scientist.

"Not much further yet, just a bit further up ahead," he told his friend, chuckling to himself quietly. Keeping up a pace he knew the smaller man would have trouble matching, the tall, blue eyed man shivered gently with anticipation. Just as he reached a small clearing, Xephos turned to find Lalna caught up in a mess of vines hanging by his wrists, his feet having slipped out from under him on the moist ground. Laughing out loud at his luck, Xephos approached the panting, entangled man with all the smugness of a cat strutting towards a mouse with it's tail caught in a trap.

"Help me, would you Xeph? I can't get down!" Lalna cried out; something about the look on the taller man's face made him nervous and excited at the same time and he could feel butterflies in his stomach as his friend walked behind him and ran a hand delicately down his spine. Squeaking in surprise, Lalna went completely still as he felt the fabric of his coat rip perfectly along the razor sharp edge of Xephos' diamond sword. Craning his neck, trying to look over his shoulder, Lalna resumed his thrashing as Xephos began tearing away his clothing, a bit at a time until nothing was left but his goggles resting on his forehead. Chuckling again, Xephos walked back

around in front of the man where he hung helplessly. Lalna yelped again but was cut short as Xephos leaned in and kissed him, his warm tongue forcing its way between his lips, twining around his surprised friend's. Just as Lalna had begun to relax at the kiss, Xephos ran his hand down the man's chest and wrapped his fingers firmly around his cock, stroking him slowly then with increasing speed. Lalna let out a moan of pleasure into his partner's mouth and and began thrusting into the man's hand, pumping faster and faster. Just as he was about to reach climax, Xephos pulled away and left him there, kissing the air, frustrated and confused. Giggling a bit at the man's obvious desperation, Xephos began stripping off his own clothes as he knelt down in front of Lalna, biting his lip in such a way that Lalna thought he might explode. How had he never seen how handsome Xephos really was? Those bright blue eyes, the neatly trimmed facial hair, his shy smile? Now that he had experienced him sexually, everything about the tall spaceman drove him wild. His thoughts were lost as Lalna threw his head back in pleasure as Xephos took the tip of his cock gently into his mouth, grazing his teeth gently over the sensitive skin.

Breathing heavily, Lalna looked down at the brunette, who winked cheekily at him then grabbed him by the ass while simultaneously taking his entire length into his throat, down to the base. Lalna's eyes rolled into the back of his head as his mind went blank, and once again, just before he came, Xephos pulled away from him, letting the head of his manhood leave his lips with a smack. Standing up again, Xephos kissed Lalna on the cheek, teasing him with the sticky peck, walking a short distance away, he turned back to the now almost catatonic Lalna to impart a piece of seemingly irrelevant information.

"You know Lalna, I wasn't lying when I said there were bees out here..." Xephos said, reaching into a nearby apiary that the scientist hadn't noticed before. "They also happen to produce a very liquid honey; one might even call it slippery." Lalna stopped at the words, an inkling of what he was about to experience entering the back of his mind. Taking a handful of the honey liquid, Xephos walked back towards his willing victim, a half smile

on his face. "Did you know that the native people of many rainforest cultures used to use honey as a lubricant?" he asked Lalna, keeping direct eye contact with the blonde man, who was shaking with eager anticipation at this point.

"You know, I didn't know that actually," Lalna returned, his voice quivering slightly though he struggled to keep it level. Walking behind him once again, Xephos licked his lips seductively as Lalna watched him spread the honey liberally on his own throbbing erection. Placing one hand before Lalna's lips to lick the honey off of, he firmly took hold of the shaking man's waist with the other, holding him in place as he guided the head of his cock to his partner's entrance. Pressing gently against him at first, Xephos pushed more and more stiffly until his entire length entered Lalna, causing both men to gasp in sudden ecstasy. Xephos smiled again, his face pushed up against Lalna's shoulder, as he knew that this was only the beginning. And then he started what he had brought his friend there for.

Hours later, gasping for breath, Lalna barely managed to catch himself as Xephos swung his sword through the vines that had been holding him up for the entire experience. Rolling over on his back, he grinned up at the brunette, who was sweating profusely, but returned the expression, if somewhat more ruefully.

"So what brought this on, eh?" Lalna asked, laughing slightly, still out of breath. "You could have just asked you know, I would have said yes!" Xephos rubbed the back of his head sheepishly before answering.

"I wasn't really sure how you would respond, and besides the other guys are always around back at the base so I thought I'd get you on your own first..." He trailed off as he saw Lalna's grin widen and dropped down next to the

other man on the ground to smack him for his cheekiness. Lalna caught his hand easily and pulled the man in for a kiss. Breaking the kiss after a few long seconds, he smiled up at him again, laughing.

"After my examination, I would say the jungle bees are going to need quite a bit of our attention from now on," he said, that cheeky grin still plastered on his face. Xephos nodded in agreement happily and after hastily pulling on their clothing, the two men flew off through the trees hand in hand, each holding half a white coat in their free hand.

Credit to liammorrisaurus on tumblr

Weight Of The Memories (S)

TW: angst, sadness, alcohol, violence, slight gore(idk, maybe), characters death

Song: Weight Of The World by Blue October

You know that one memory from your childhood which was so long ago, you can't even tell if it's real or did you just see it in a dream? Xephos' whole life felt like that. He couldn't tell dreams and reality apart. It all felt like one massive mess of things. Sometimes instead of fake memories there was just darkness. Like a piece of his life was cut out. It drove him insane, but there was nothing he could do. No matter how hard he tried, nothing changed.

He sometimes found himself in the kitchen, broken plates scattered all across the floor. His dreams torn apart and memories stolen. Lalna stood behind him with that comforting smile of his. When blond saw tears in Xephos' eyes, he'd come closer and wrap hands around his waist, pulling him into a hug. Lalna knew what was happening, but never explained. Xephos screamed, cried, begged, but no. Lalna would not talk. "It's fine. It will all go away. I'm here." He usually said, pressing soft kisses on Xephos' forehead.

Sometimes they would go to bed, wake up in the same bed, but Lalna would have black eye and a busted lip. I just fell over while going to toilet, he said, don't worry. And Xephos chose to believe, not because he thought it was true, but because there was no other explanation.

Sometimes days just seem to disappear. Then he didn't even ask. He just acted like nothing happened and continued where he left off.

Time passed away. Eventually he stopped caring. And it looked like the same thing happened to Lalna. They both began to ignore the fact, that Xephos had no idea what's happening with his life. He seemed lost most of the time. He would go in the bedroom and stare around confused, not being able to remember what he wanted to do. When that happened, Lalna would grab his hand and pull him into a hug. He rarely left the brunet alone. With every day they pulled through, Xephos looked more scared than confused. It broke scientist's heart to see his lover get lost in his own mind and getting terrified by the things he stumbled upon.

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Xephos' eyes flew open. His vision a bit blurry, making it hard to understand where he was. Few blinks. White sink. Something red. Blood. Whose blood? He looked at his right hand. It was dripping blood. His then. He looked up. Mirror was broken. He looked at his own hand again. Pieces of glass in his skin reflected the light. So he punched the mirror. Quiet sobs behind his back. Slowly he turned around, knowing who he will see there. And indeed. Lalna, pressing his knees against his forehead, sat there. Clearly crying. Lab coat was in the other corner. Tank top Lalna was wearing underneath revealed many bruises and scars all over his arms and neck. Some of them seemed like they've been placed there just few days ago. Some, on the other hand, looked very recent. Recent, as in just maybe few hours ago. Lalna, with his eyes puffy and red, looked up when he heard Xephos turn around and step on some glass. There was dried blood on his chin. Red marks on his neck. Spaceman couldn't handle this scene. He turned away, facing the mirror, or what's left of it, again. He caught his reflection in the mirror. Eyes, that were usually bright blue, now looked dark like the night's sky. Or maybe that was just the lighting. Suddenly it

felt like someone had hit him with a brick. He started remembering. Images flooded in his mind, all at once. He relived all those lost memories. In the wrong order, but it all made sense now. Or did it?

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Every vein in his body filled with anger. Pure, dark hatred. Yet there was a grin on his lips. A body strapped to a table in front of him. Axe in his hand. Pale light fell on victims face. Sjin. Architect didn't scream. Too late for that. He just looked at Xephos trying to understand what had happened to that sweet guy he knew months ago. No words were spoken. Axe spoke for both of them as spaceman let it fall on Sjin's neck, separating his head from the body. Weapon now fell on the floor, where there already was a puddle of blood. Xephos chuckled and patted Sjin's chest.

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Xephos was in the bathroom again. He fell on his knees whilst every corner of his mind was now lit up, revealing everything. Things no one should ever know about. Things no one should ever even imagine. Yet he did them. Did them all. More than once. Sins he will never be able to wash away. They were all carved into his skin and mind.

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He had pinned Lalna to the wall. Blond was gasping for breath and trying to push Xephos away at the same tame. Spaceman's grasp on Lalna's neck was

too tight for other to be able to do anything. He hit Lalna in the stomach, knocking the last air out of his lungs.

Scene changed. Lalna was now tied to a chair. Xephos stood in front of him, thick, leather belt in his hand. Red marks all over scientists' torso.

They were in the kitchen. Their chests pressed together. Lalna's back against the cold wall. Xephos' fingers in Lalna's hair, making him stay in place. For a second they stared each other in the eyes like expecting other to make the first move.

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Tears filled his eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you stop me?"

A quiet chuckle.

"You think I didn't try? I was not gonna give up on you so easy. But you sort of... Slipped away from me. You lost control more often. And when you did..."

He stopped for a moment and the only sound was Lalna's shaky breath.

"It was like hell on earth."

Xephos wasn't lost anymore. He wasn't scared or confused. He was completely aware of all those things he had done.

***

In one of those rare moments Xephos was sober, he approached Lalna.

"We need to talk."

Lalna, seeing the serious expression on spaceman's face, put down the screwdriver, that way showing his attention was fully on the following conversation.

"Go ahead."

Something told him this won't end well. Xephos took a deep breath.

"I can't do this anymore. You forgave me, when I couldn't do it myself. You took care of me, you loved me. Maybe you still do, I don't know. But I don't deserve any of this. I've held you down long enough. We need to move on. While I'll never be able to thank you enough, it's over. Between us... It's all over. I'm sorry. Please forgive me this one last time and move on. I'll try to do the same. Don't try to change me, just let me go. You made a mistake trusting me, I made a mistake becoming the man I am."

One last kiss on Lalna's forehead and Xephos was gone. Silence fell. Lalna knew none of all those things he wanted to say mattered now. The man had made his decision. But he was so angry. Oh so angry. Xephos wasn't the only one who recovered. Lalna had seen terrible things. He had terrible things done to him. One does not simply get over it. Maybe he was right though. Maybe they had to end it. Move on. Start a new life and never look back.

Easier said than done.

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The next few months were the hardest they've ever been through. On their own they had to build themselves a new world. But how can you do that if you still haven't forgiven yourself?

Xephos buried himself even deeper in alcohol. No matter how hard Honeydew tried to stop him, he refused help. He knew there was only one person he would listen to, but he had lost him. But that's fine. He deserved this mess. It was his fault. He stopped having those "dark moments" like

before. Now he just smashed plates while being completely aware of what he was doing. Insanity was about to take his mind completely.

Lalna became apathetic. Nothing bothered him. He stopped eating, stopped sleeping. Most of the time he just sat there, pointlessly staring into nothingness. Every now and then he'd remember all the violence and abuse. And he'd just cry. For hours. Days even. He lost count. He wasn't able to take care of himself. Like a lost puppy he'd wander around just to sit back in the same spot again.

After a while instead of doing nothing, Lalna dedicated himself to work. At least that kept his mind busy. Machines here and there. New questions without answers. New answers without a real purpose.

While Lalna had found something that would occupy his mind, Xephos kept drinking. He couldn't start from zero. All that spilled blood haunted him in his nightmares. Lalna's pleads cut in his ears every time room was silent. Scientist's tears and bruises flashed before his eyes whenever he dared to look away from the bottle.

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The alcohol finally put end to Xephos' misery. No one knew if he did that on purpose or the amount of consumed alcohol over time did its thing. They found a picture on his body. A picture of him and Lalna. One of those last moments where they were happy. On the back of the photo he had scribbled "I am a terrible, terrible man. Can you forgive me?"

Lalna left. Left the place that reminded him of what happened. No one ever heard of him again. He could've been dead; he could've started a new life in faraway lands where no one knew who he was. He could've left behind his past; he could've taken it with him as a reminder of the man who changed his life. But no one knew what happened or where he had gone. Maybe that was for the best.

Credit to flufs on tumblr

Blood Makes Noise (S)

TW: Blood and Death and Angst and Violence

Song: Blood Makes Noise by Suzanne Vega

Silence was his most hated *enemy*.

You see, the Silence wasn't silent at all, really. The Silence was more of a being. A black shadow that loomed over him, moving his limbs like puppet strings, directing him like his own personal plaything. When Silence was here, so was the blood, and that was so *loud*. It was a never ending thrum, a violent undercurrent, a river that swooped into a cacophony of raw *sound*, never slowing, or stopping. It was deafening. *Maddening*, even.

The Heart was even worse. The constant, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, barely in rhythm with anything at all. Certainly not with his thoughts, or his footsteps, the latter he could barely hear over his own damn organs. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, maybe a mechanical one would be quieter. He could ask, but no one would answer. Nobody ever answered. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD all he could hear, all the time, 24/7, constantly, BOOM, BOOM, BLOOD, BLOOD. His back scraped down the glass. Never ending, why wouldn't it just ever be QUIET? Then-

Hiss
Thud,
Thud,
Thud,
Thud,
Tap,
Tap.
Tap, Tap, Tap

He paused. There was only one person who ever visited. The Obsessed one, he might call him. The Blue Eyed Dragon, perhaps? He really needed to

settle on a name for him. 'Xephos' sounded too exoitic, too interesting for a man as transparent as he was. Everytime the conversation would start the exact same way, like a record smashed on the floor and haphazardly pieced together and played again, suck on loop forever and ever, and ever,
"You're exactly the same as Lalna, aren't you?"

A smile curled up his lips. For one moment, he couldn't hear the BOOM and the BLOOD. The Silence would retreat into the corners. His voice was a salve to an insatiable itch. A means to an end,
"Of course. I look the same, I think the same... He is me, and I am him. Two halves of the same whole,"
The Voice smiled. A sickening, stomach twisting kind of smile that showed far too little restraint, and far too much devotion. They'd had many talks like this. Memory checks, psych-profiles, and all he had to do was nod along and agree.

"They say I'm 1% dysfunctional, but none of that will ever *affect* me. It might just mean my hands aren't as steady or something," he paused. He'd practiced and rehearsed this scenario a million times, muttered quietly in his cell, he'd easily had the time to spare locked away in here like a rabid animal. This Voice danced across his chessboard so perfectly, like a ballerina puppet wrapped around his fingertips, "I still love you. That never changed."

"It kills me to see you locked up in there. I wish I..."
The Voice stopped. He could see the scenarios playing through his head one after the other. It was such an innocent thought, but that did not last, this Voice was so naive. The innocent thought had twisted and bent into an idea, then it had become a wicked, but utterly irresistible plan. The Voice's hand rested on the gun at his waist, his fingers drumming against the holster, fruitlessly fighting temptation with music. Lalnable pressed his hand to the cool glass pane, reaching out to the Voice,
"I'm begging you, get me out of here. We can be together, I promise."

He'd thought about freedom. Dreamed about deep red rooms that he could cover in more than the exact 5 paces it took him to travel along each edge of his cell. He dared imagine rooms where there were sharp objects, music

and maybe other people! He'd take anything. Anything so that he never have to listen to his own heart again.

The Voice hesitated. For one moment, he thought maybe he had overestimated how stupid this man was. He needed to hammer in the nail. Seal the deal, and he'd practised this one too,
"I love you, please don't leave me in here alone again, I can't take it. Xephos..." he stopped and looked down, hands falling into a pile of limp limbs in his lap, "Please, Xephos. I'm begging you."He truly deserved an award for such potent acting. The Voice shrivelled up into nothing in his eyes, a mushy jumble of emotions with no moderation. In that moment, he knew he had already won.

"Stand back," he commanded, his eyes hard-set like inlaid sapphire sourced by some deep mountain pool, "Don't worry. I'll let you out,"
Lalnable retreated back into the glass prison that was all he'd ever known. The box that had forever trapped him, eternally being able to see the outside world but unable to touch it. Breathing pre-made, sterilized air that made his lungs ache. Perhaps, out there, the world would drown out the BOOM and the BLOOD that created that maddening rhythm that consumed his life.

BANG

The glass shattered in a clangour of cascading shards. The sound was so *loud* but yet so pleasing, like rain after a long and tedious drought. The Silence screeched and vanished as the world poured in to fill the silent gap. The *whurr* of machinery, or what he assumed to be so, could be heard in the distance. A fair ways off, the general hubbub of testificates flowed through the halls. Even the*taptaptaptap* of machine gun fire could be heard if he really strained his ears. Life was such a beautiful symphony, how could anyone take this for granted? Yet, loudest of all, was a noise that was far too familiar...

BOOM
BOOM

BOOM
BOOM

A heart. A painfully human, and deplorably mortal heart. There was enough sound to drown out the sound of his organs, so how could he still hear it? He took a few steps forward, feet scraping one after the other, moving towards the never ending BOOM. With every step he took, as he clawed out of his prison, the steady BOOM only got faster and faster, and as he drew closer to the edge of his glass cage, he could hear the BLOOD again too.

This couldn't happen. He'd finally got free, he'd finally conned this lovestruck spaceman into setting him loose. He thought he would get to hear life for the first time. He thought maybe he could live...normally. Now he was finally here, still, following him like a looming shadow was that neverending drum beat that pounded across his brain. This couldn't happen to him. *It wasn't fair! He just wanted everything to be **quiet**.* He had to do something. ...

And there was only one thing he could do....

Lalnable dusted himself off, a museum artifact removed from its casing, standing on shaky legs with Xephos holding his arm,
"Thank you, Xephos," he muttered, reflecting his love back at him, a mirror for the Spaceman to fall for, "I knew *you* would believe me. I'm just like Lalna!"
The Voice drew closer, removing his hand from his arm and intertwining it with his own stubbier digits. He really was obsessed- so sickeningly devoted to this other man, who clearly cared nothing for him, that he had tried to create a replica for himself. It was pitiful, truly, that this pathetic mortal had fallen to such depths of depravity for something as useless as love.

As they drew closer, the BOOM only got faster and faster until it was nearly one continuous buzz. The Voice pressed their heads together, as if he wanted to hear all the suffering that swirled and rattled inside his mind,
"Never leave, Lalna," the Voice breathed, the coffee on his breath bitter and foul. The Voice's skin is scratchy against his own artificially created canvas. Before the clone speaks, he presses his lips together, then smiles,
"I won't..."

The Voice presses his lips against Lalnable's. It's shaky at first, and he almost laughs. Lalnable's lips are soft, untouched, and for one moment, Xephos thinks everything has worked out perfectly. That he will descend from the tower with his one true love hand-in-hand and speed away on his white horse and they'd live happily ever after.
Of course, Lalnable couldn't let that happen.

Xephos didn't know he was dying until he felt the blood spilling over his ghost-white skin, but Lalnable could hear it like a waterfall.
Lalnable was reminded, somehow, of the appearance of cherries crushed in the fresh morning snow. He didn't know why he could suddenly picture it so vividly, even the smells and sounds, but it was beautiful. He needed to remember more and let it become a drug he would so willingly submit himself to. He watched the Spaceman crumple into a useless heap of bones, cloth, skin and organs. The living corpse reached out for him, the back of his hand brushing his bare feet. It was so thoroughly satisfying to watch as the blood that had once infuriated him spill out onto the white floor, retreating rapidly away from its owner.

Lalnable crouched down, grabbing Xephos' chin and forcing it upwards to study the changing complexion of someone who was rapidly dying, to find it had an oddly translucent quality,
"That was just *too easy*!"
The former prisoner snarled in the face of his victory, pearly white teeth revealed under his pink lips. His breath smelled of mint and hospital corridors. Then, suddenly, his mood changing like the encroaching tide, he dropped the head as if the mere presence of it disgusted him.
"B..Bu..Lalna.."

"I was never Lalna. Isn't it amazing what a 1% defect can do? Removes useless things...Sentiment, devotion..." He raised himself to his full height, tossing the blooded fragment of his cage away from him. It sent pinpricks of red paint flying in all directions, wonderful decoration to a room that was once so painfully blank., "*Love*."

He could hear the BOOM slowing, and, oh, how complete this victory was, "Such things are chemical defects. Such a joy not to suffer with them!" he laughed, walking around the man who was nearly just a lump of flesh. The

Voice mouthed words, looking up to his Gods, but found neither sound nor revelation. He clawed at the floor, nails and feet scratching at metal that did not provide grip.

"It is a pity. One might think someone of *your species* might be stronger. Truly, it's a pity.." Lalnable stopped. Held his breath. That heartbeat...was slowing until it was nearly silent. He closed his eyes and listened. That rhythm was nearly over for this one, but he could hear others who needed salvation. He had to stop the BOOM and BLOOD, so he could hear the rest of the world wrap around him like a blanket. Hesitating only for a brief moment, he grabbed the sword from the sheath on the Voice's back, before turning away and walking steadily towards freedom, leaving vivid red footprints in his wake,

"Farewell, my sweet, sweet Xephos. We will not meet again."

Credit to curlz101 on tumblr

Alone In The Dark (S)

TW: Blindness, characters death, suicide, ANGST

Something bad was bound to happen. Sooner or later. It was obvious that all his mad experiments would be the end of him. But it was so much worse than that.

He was surrounded in never ending darkness. He finally understood Xephos' fear of the dark. He now wished he hadn't laughed about spaceman's obsession with torches and light. Lalna would give everything just to see that bright flame just one more time. He didn't appreciate the light when he had it and now it was all gone.

After the accident, he slowly became more and more depressed. He was a scientist. He observed the world around him with his eyes and deductions. How could he possibly live on if he couldn't even get undressed by himself? All these little things he didn't notice before, now were so much more difficult. He couldn't tell if it was day or night when he woke up, he couldn't tell if it was time to go to bed when he was tired. The list of things he couldn't do without help was now endless.

Xephos was at his side. He left the factory and tried to spend every waking hour next to Lalna. Not because the man could hurt himself, but because he seemed so lost when he didn't feel spaceman right next to him.

From "not good", his state became terrible. Everyone had told him he might get his sight back, but it didn't happen. Not after a week, nor a month. Now it has been a year and yet there he was. Still surrounded by darkness.

Xephos never said it out loud, but Lalna felt, that the spaceman was tired of looking after him. Every now and then there were arguments about tiny things, like what should they have for dinner, or should they go for a walk. Xephos tried to be calm, but even the strongest people break.

"I thought you would get your sight back! I can't be your babysitter forever, Lalna. It's been a year, but you haven't learned how to do the simplest things. You complain how hard it is, but do you ever think about how hard it is for me?"

He had said one night, after Lalna asked if he could have some help with finding his goggles. Xephos probably could've said more, but Lalna's sobbing made him realise what he had done. He couldn't apologise enough and even though scientist said it was fine, that last string of strength inside of him broke. *"So that's how he feels."*

And just few weeks after that, there he was. Sitting at the dinner table. Alone. Xephos had gone to bed early. The accident replayed itself in his mind again and again.

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"I'll just add a bit more of this and maybe that one as well..."

He mumbled quickly scribbling something on a piece of paper while pouring bright blue liquid in a bottle. He didn't even get to finish the sentence when loud hissing came from the bottle. He remembered thinking "not good" right before the bottle exploded and most of its content landed on his face. He remembered the burning feeling. Like someone had shoved his face in bright blue flames. He remembered Xephos' distant voice. And darkness.

"I can't see, Xeph... I will never be able to see again."

He had said after a few days of recovering. That's where it all started.

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He had a handful of sleeping pills and a bottle of whiskey in front of him. This was just too hard. He thought he could live in the dark, but he couldn't. The world seemed so different when he didn't have a visual confirmation for what was around him. He just couldn't do it. He wasn't strong enough.

And neither was Xephos. That last argument had broken them both completely. Both seemed lost and confused, unsure how to live on.

Lalna didn't want to live a life like this. He physically couldn't. The thought of being a burden, the thought of being someone who is just an obstacle in someone else's path was unbearable.

He swallowed a bunch of pills washing them down with the bitter whiskey. Lalna grabbed a pen and started writing on a paper he had taken with him. Slowly but surely he managed to scribble two words.

Xephos found him next morning. He didn't cry. Not anymore. There were no tears left. All this time he had cried, hoping Lalna would get better. He had cried himself to sleep, he had swallowed tears when scientist was around, as if afraid he would somehow know. He pretended to be strong, not for Lalna, no; the man was too broken to care. Xephos did it for himself. He thought if he could fake it, he would eventually become strong enough to carry them both. Thought he could share his strength. But he couldn't. He was too slow, too weak from the very beginning. He brought Lalna down.

Next to his cold body, Xephos had found the note. He knew he had the permission to move on. He knew Lalna forgave him for not being strong enough to get through it all. And if Lalna could forgive him for his sins, he could eventually forgive himself.

"I'm sorry."

Credit to flufs on tumblr

Please? For Me? (S)

TW: ANGST and Character Death

It had been about 4 days since he and Xephos last spoke. It had been 2 days since Xephos last left his room to eat. It had been 5 minutes since Honeydew last knocked on the door.

"Please open up," Honeydew pleaded, head resting against the wall next to the door. "Just unlock the door so we can talk."

Finally, there was the sound of footsteps on the other side as Xephos left his bed and trudged towards Honeydew. The soft click that followed told Honeydew that the door was now unlocked. He sighed and pushed open the door, watching as Xephos flopped back onto his bed and buried his face into the mattress.

Honeydew stayed at the entrance.

"I know why you're here," Xephos said after what felt like an hour, his face smushed against a pillow with his back facing Honeydew. "You're checking that I'm taking care of myself." He rolled around to reveal his red-rimmed eyes and greasy hair. "You don't need to bother; I'm taking care of myself just like you want." His eyes flickered down to the ground where dirty plates were piled high. "I don't know why though."

Honeydew sighed sadly, finally moving away from the door to sit on the corner of Xephos' bed. "Xeph'," he muttered and reached out to stroke Xephos' hair back. "I know it seems like it will never get better but it will! Come out of your room and let me help you. Nothing will come from you locking yourself in here." Honeydew paused to tilt Xephos' face to his. "We all miss you, friend."

Tears welled up in Xephos' eyes and a sound suspiciously similar to a sob escaped from his chapped lips. "I miss him so much," he admitted in a choked voice. "It's not fair! Why did he have to-" Xephos couldn't finish.

"I know, I know," Honeydew's hand moved so it was rubbing comforting circles on Xephos' back as Xephos curled further into himself. Honeydew could feel the other man's body tremble with barely contained sobs. "It's not fair but you have to move on. He's gone and nothing will bring him back."

Xephos shook his head. "It's my fault," he said, not able to look at Honeydew anymore. "All of it."

"No."

Honeydew withdrew his hand. "You couldn't have known the reactor would have malfunctioned like that. You couldn't have known the cloning would fail so there is no way you can blame yourself."

"I still told him to repair the reactor though," Xephos croaked, his voice hoarse from the tears. "He didn't want to do it-"

"Xephos..."

"-And I still made him! He told me that he would rather go to the space station and set up the oxygen but no, I couldn't stop being selfish and forced him to do it!" Xephos' voice rose steadily as anger filled him. "I should have done it myself but no! I was 'too busy' with a stupid fucking computer and now he...he's dead!"

Xephos broke off with a shuddering gasp, hand clawing at his chest as if it was near impossible to catch his breath. When he finally spoke again, his tone was softer and quieter. "I should have checked the respawn more often; I should have known it would fail."

More tears fell but this time from Honeydew. He wiped them away with the back of his dirt covered hand.

"I miss him too, you know," Honeydew whispered as he waited for Xephos to look at him. "Not as much as you, of course, but it still hurts." He pulled Xephos into a bone-crushing hug. "It's okay to hurt but it's not okay to shut ourselves off. He's gone and there's nothing we can do about it." Xephos' arms finally moved to grip at Honeydew's back as he continued to speak.

"You can't change what happened, you can't go back and fix the reactor or the respawn machine so you need to forgive yourself. You need to live again instead of just surviving."

Honeydew pulled away with a watery smile. "Please? For me?"

Xephos hesitated and let his eyes flicker to the plates again. "How can I?" he asked as his hands twisted in his lap. "I...I can't imagine being happy again," Xephos admitted. "Everything that was bright before just feels cold and I can't deal with it, Honeydew." He pleaded silently with his tear-filled eyes. "I really loved him and I just feel empty without him here. I don't think I can live without him. I know you want me to be okay and to just get over it but I don't think I can; I don't think I want to. It's too hard."

Honeydew nodded and put a hand on Xephos' knee. "I know, trust me I do, but locking yourself in here is just making things worse. Look," he stood up and offered Xephos his hand. "Just come out and try and work on something. Distracting yourself will help much better than lying there and thinking."

Xephos nodded and took Honeydew's hand. "Okay," he finally gave in. "Just...let me take a shower, okay?"

Honeydew smile was wider than it had been ever since the accident.

"That's the spirit!" He began to walk back to the open door before turning back. "We're going back to basics and mining so bring your sword!"

Honeydew was still smiling as he shut the door behind him and leaned against the wall in relief. He had been so worried that Xephos would never get better and accept his help.

He stretched his sore muscles and began to walk back to his own room to get ready when a loud bang halted his progress and caused his smile to drop instantly.

Honeydew didn't turn back to the room, his legs and arms shaking as his mind shut down.

"Xephos..." Honeydew whimpered when his legs finally gave up and collapsed. "Please, no..."

Credit to xephin on tumblr

How To Save A Life (S)

TW: Amnesia, alcohol, SFW

There were no signs from him. Everything was like usual. You cuddled at night, kissed him in the morning before he left to that Jaffa factory. It felt like a bucket of ice cold water on your head. He calls you in the kitchen, hands you a cup of tea and asks you to sit down. You just look at him, confused. He leans down and softly places a kiss on your lips. You blink, still pretty confused. You place one of your hands in his hair, wrap another one around his waist, and try to pull him on your lap. He pulls away with that sad smile on his lips, you've seen just few times. You sit there still, sipping your tea. Tears in his eyes make you uncomfortable. He turns his back to you and looks out the window. " It's over Lalna." He whispers, still not looking at you, probably ashamed and hurt.

"What?" You mumble, knot in your neck forming itself. "Is it something I've done? I..."

He turns around, his chin trembling a bit. He turns away again. "I can't make you choose between science and me, so I chose for you... I'm leaving Lalna. I barely see you. You always lock yourself in your lab, always so busy. I tried to talk with you, but you won't listen. So..."

He wipes away a tear. "So this is just easier. You were everything to me. At first I thought you felt the same, but now I see you don't."

You look at the floor, still silent. Science was all you knew and loved. But you loved Xephos as well. He stands in front of you. His voice is shaky. "I loved you. I still do. You meant the whole world to me. You always did the right thing. Now it's my turn to do something right."

Sudden anger washes over your body. How dares he? Did all these countless times you whispered, "I love you" in his ear, meant nothing to him? If you didn't love him, would those be your hands all over his body in

the dark night? Would it be you, who hugs him when he jumps at night at one of his nightmares? You stand up and lose your grip on the mug. It smashes against the cold marble floor. "Don't make me a hero, Xephos." You scream, knot in your neck now is much bigger, making it hard to breathe. "I'm not even close to one. Never was and never will be," you continued, not so loud this time. Xephos backs away, tears rolling down his cheeks. "You were to me." One last look and he's gone.

You've always loved to drink. Now, when there was no one to stop you, it became a serious problem. Those rare moments you were sober, you spent thinking about him. Being drunk made it all easier. If you cried over him, at least you didn't remember it next day. He of course showed up a few times, but just to collect his stuff. You tried to talk to him, but he just looked at you and left.

Weeks passed. From various people you found out that he had moved in with Sjin. At first Honeydew visited you, but since he didn't want to tell you what was happening between Xephos and that architect boy, you told him to stop these pointless visits. And he did.

You became a mess of alcohol and tears. Something inside your messed up head told you it was a good idea to check on your lab whilst there was more alcohol in your body than blood. You know, just to see if something has stopped working and if there was anything you could do.

And indeed, one of your machines was silent. You put aside that half empty bottle of beer, get your tools, open the panel, and look at what has happened. Simple, you think, and start tinkering with wires.

After a couple of minutes big explosion shakes the ground. You fly away, your back and head gets smashed against the wall. You hear beeping and after a few seconds incredible pain burns through your body, everything goes black.

You slowly open your eyes. It feels like you've got a hangover, just about ten times worse. You see a young man leaning over you with worried smile on his lips. "Lalna, you're awake."

Blink. Deep breath. You ignore sharp pain somewhere on your left side. "Where am I?"

The young man sights and places his hand on your shoulder. "We're at Sjin's place. You've been out for three days. How do you feel?"

You blink again. Sjin. Name seems familiar. Yeah. He's that architect boy. But you don't recognise this person. "If you don't mind me asking, who are you?" Smile from man's face fades away. His eyes widen. "What? It's me- Xephos. You... You don't remember?"

You can feel tears in your eyes as you shake your head. You should remember, but you don't. "I'm sorry. So, who are you?" Xephos backs away and smiles again, yet you can see- he's about to cry. "Oh, I'm just a friend. Just an old friend. Don't worry. I'm sure Honeydew will explain everything to you. You remember him right?" You nod, yeah, you remembered that ginger dwarf. "Good." Xephos waves at you and leaves the room.

You lay back. Silent voices behind the door. You can't really make out what are they saying, but you can clearly feel it's nothing good. Dwarf opens the door and quickly shuts them. But whilst they're open you can hear Xephos' sobs. You're confused, but before you get to ask something, Honeydew sits on your bed and gives you a warm smile. He asks you a few questions, but after seeing how tired you are, leaves you alone.

Xephos, who was the closest to a doctor, told you not to drink for at least a few more months: "Your head is still damaged and I'm not sure what might happen." His voice was shaking as he took the glass of whiskey off you and drank it himself. You were just friends, he keeps telling you, whenever you ask. You couldn't get rid of the feeling that you should remember him, because you can clearly see that it hurt Xephos more than anything to know that you don't recognise him, but you have no clue who he is. You just have to believe what others tell about you both. And somehow, with this tiny corner of your heart, you know that they might be lying. "Just friends" echoed in your mind again and again. Over and over. Yet somewhere between those words, images of Xephos flashed. Him smiling, him being happy, happier than you've ever seen him in these couple months.

You try to shake it off, but it never works, not for long at least. Even though he told you not to, you get a drink. You've almost forgotten how alcohol tastes on your tongue. You finally feel free from it all. Forget what you can't remember.

Bottle is almost empty. Suddenly, it feels like someone threw a brick at your head. Images change faster than ever. Your hand in Xephos' hair, your lips on his neck, your skin touching under the sheets, lips screaming out each other's name in the dark room. You squeeze your eyes shut. It all burns your brain from the inside. You don't understand. Xephos whispering something in your ear, again and again, as his hands find their way under your shirt. Finally, you can make out what he's saying. "I love you, Lalna."

You cry out when pain becomes almost unbearable. And suddenly, how it started it's all gone. But images are now replaced with actual memories. You jump up, ignore the fact that it's winter outside and rush towards Sjin's place just in your lab coat.

Trying to catch your breath back, you bang on his door. You hear a voice inside. Few more seconds and he opens the door. His dark blue eyes meet your brighter ones. And in the exact same second he knows. He throws his hands around your neck. You can feel your shoulder get wet by his tears. "I missed you. I missed you so much." He whispers between sobs. Your hands find their way around his waist. You never want to let go. Keep him close, closer than ever. Give up your lab, castle, science, if only that makes him come back. "I'm sorry, Xeph." You whisper in his neck. You pick him up and carry to the sofa. He curls up on your lap, forehead pressed against your chest. He mumbles something about how much he loves you, how sorry he is and how he wants to take it all back. You shut him up by placing a soft kiss on his lips. Right before you close your eyes, you see Sjin walk around the corner, back into his room. You're pretty sure it was a bright smile on his face. Everything is going to be ok. You both know that.

Credit to flufs on tumblr

I Need To Know What Makes You Tick (S)

TW: Major Character Death, Angst

Xephos woke up to the sound of something shuffling beside his bed.

"Come back to bed, your machines can wait," he mumbled sleepily, not even opening his eyes.

"Science never waits," was the soft reply coming mere inches from his face. But something about that familiar voice was off. It was just a bit colder, just a bit more indifferent than what he was usually used to from his lover. He opened his eyes.

"What are you talking about Lalna? Don't be silly, come here," his mind still a little bit fogged from sleep. Just then he noticed that the scientist was fully dressed in his lab gear, coat, gloves, goggles, everything. Plus a sword in one of his hands. Puzzled, he looked into his eyes. Suddenly he was fully awake, seeing something dark, something chaotic, primal even in his boyfriend's usually gentle blue eyes.

"L.. Lalna? Is everything okay?" he rolled on his back, sitting with his back to the wall. "What's going on?" he watched his boyfriend tentatively, his voice soft and kind.

"You know, Xephos," the scientist rested the sword by the night table, himself sitting on the bed back to the spaceman. "You always say you love me. But how could you, really. You're from another world, how can I know you mean the same things by that word as me?" His voice was now cold as steel, simple and technical, not even a single hint of emotions tainting his words. His fingers fidgeting, the only indication of his mind running at the speed of light, never idle, forever wondering.

"What? Of course I love you, don't be stupid!" Xephos exclaimed. "How could I not. You're wonderful person, you amaze me every day. You're everything I could ever wish for. You're the best thing to ever happen to me. What does it matter I am not from this world. Now stop this ridiculous attitude and come back to bed so I can prove this to you," he leaned to the scientist, his hand resting on his shoulder, small kiss pressed to his cheek.

"Lies!" Lalna shouted angrily and jumped out of the bed, sweeping Xephos' hand back. "You say all these sweet things but they are all lies! You are a spaceman! You came from another world while I just only built a spaceship which can take me to the orbit. You say you are amazed by me but that's just not possible. Surely I am a mere insect to you, just a little bit of fun before your people come for you and then you can leave me here all by myself, heart shattered to million pieces. I won't let you do that, I can't. I have sacrificed my ideals for you, I thought love was irrational and for the weak before you! I was right, I should have stick to my beliefs. Everything would be fine if I've just done that," the scientist was now pacing, stomping with his heavy boots, not looking at the scared man on the bed. Xephos' eyes began to fill with tears somewhere in the middle of Lalna's speech. He couldn't take his eyes from the scientist's hunched shoulders, he watched as Lalna tucked on his hair, fist clenching and almost ripping them out. He ran his own hand through his hair nervously.

"Lalna, I made my choice," his voice was trembling but he still managed to keep most of the fear he felt away. "I have decided a long time ago that if they would come for me, I wouldn't go. This is my home now. With you. I love you no matter what you say. That will never change, I want to spend my life with you. I love you. I love you," he repeated just for the emphasis, tears now streaming down his face. He reached towards the scientist, whispering: "Please. I love you." He didn't notice that the scientist hit him until he was lying on his back, his face hurting. He touched his lips carefully, wiping the blood away, his pupils dilated with surprise. "Wh..what?"

"Shut up!" Lalna screamed, saliva flying out of his mouth. "Shut up, shut up! I don't believe you. I can't, I won't. Where's your proof? Where are your scientific facts that I could lean on, where is something that supports what

you're saying? I will need to see for myself," he said, last sentence a mere whisper to himself while he grabbed his sword.

"Please, I love you. You have to trust me," Xephos sobbed oh the bed, not able to defend himself, paralyzed with fear, only managing to fallow Lalna's swift motions as he suddenly stood on the bed above him, looking down on his chest. "I mean it. Every word, you don't have to do this. Please." He closed his eyes briefly when he felt the cold steel on his chest. "I love you," he whispered and stole one last look in his lover's eyes before he closed his forever, the searing chest pain swiftly fading away. He saw strange mixture of anger and hurt of insanity and clarity of accusation and forgiveness. They were like storm at the sea, all wild and fierce and so incredibly blue. And all he managed to think was that they were still beautiful.

"Finally I'll learn how you work, spaceman!" Lalna spitted out. "You know, I wanted to do this ever since I've known you. I don't know how you managed to fool me," he was muttering to himself while he worked efficiently on taking the lifeless body beneath him apart.

Credit to galbovka on Ao3

Fate (S)

TW: None

Lalna didn't believe in fate. Nope, not one bit.

Xephos, however, couldn't believe that anything happened that wasn't fate. He found it hard to believe that landing on Minecraftia out of all the planets was just a coincidence, that meeting Honeydew was not fate.

Lalna would just smile and shake his head. "It's not fate," he would say, trailing a hand down Xephos' stomach. "You could have crashed into any of those planets and met someone else, that wouldn't make it fate."

Xephos would roll his eyes and drop the subject. He wouldn't argue that being with Lalna felt too right to not be fate, that there was no way that he would love someone else like this.

"I'm so glad I met you," Lalna would whisper on a cold winter night as they huddled under the covers for warmth. "I love you so much."

Xephos would smile and tangle his hand in Lalna's hair. "It feels like we were meant to be." he would whisper, almost not wanting to be heard. "It has to be fate to have met you."

The same conversations happened for years, with each of them unrelenting in their views. Xephos was adamant that fate was real and brought them together while Lalna wouldn't even acknowledge the existence of such thing.

That all changed.

"You nearly died!" Lalna yelled, pushing down on Xephos' shoulder as he tried to sit up on the bed. "I nearly lost you!"

Xephos smiled and pulled Lalna closer to the bed. "Stop worrying, I'm fine." He grinned and tugged Lalna next to him. "You could say it's fate," Xephos teased, trying to get Lalna to smile.

"Fate isn't real," Lalna muttered though his heart wasn't into it. "It's something invented by people who can't accept coincidences."

Xephos cupped Lalna's face with his uninjured hand. "Tell me what's wrong. You can't still be upset about the accident?"

"I nearly lost you, Xeph'," Lalna sighed, closing his eyes and leaning into Xephos' touch. "You would have died and I wouldn't have been able to do anything."

"Well it's just-"

Lalna quickly cut off Xephos by placing a hand over his moving lips. "Please don't say it would have been fate."

Xephos frowned and kissed Lalna's cheek. "Why not? It would have been."

"Because that's exactly why I hate the thought of fate," Lalna muttered, eyes till screwed shut. "I hate the thought of things being set in stone and being unable to change them. If you were in trouble then I want to be able to help you. If fate was real then I wouldn't be able to."

Xephos shook his head. "No, that's not what fate is. If I was in trouble then it would be fate but that doesn't mean you would be unable to help me. It just means it was fate that you had to try to save me."

Lalna sighed and opened his eyes to glance at the bandaged wound on Xephos' abdomen. "Why do you like fate so much?"

"Because it doesn't make sense otherwise," he replied, tracing small patterns on Lalna's cheek. "I find it hard to believe that I met you guys by coincidence. I find it hard to believe that you loving me and me loving you is a coincidence. It has to be fate, there's no other explanation."

Lalna's eyes flickered back up to Xephos' smiling face and he leaned in closer to place a small kiss to Xephos' lips.

"If fate was real," Lalna started, ignoring the grin Xephos was giving him, "and I'm not saying it is, then I would be glad it paired me up with you."

Xephos let out a joyous laugh and tugged Lalna closer. "I'm glad too. I mean, fate could have stuck me with an ugly caveman who smells like cheese but instead it set me up with you," he teased and gently poked Lalna's side. "You only smell like cheese occasionally."

Lalna laughed and closed his eyes, feeling content to just be in Xephos' presence.

Maybe it was fate, maybe it wasn't, but Lalna wouldn't have it any other way, no matter how cliché it sounded.

Credit to Xephin on Ao3

If I Could Murder A Season (S)

TW: Allergies, Cuddles, Illness

Lalna was awake, his nose carefully pressed into Xephos's hair. The poor alien had to be awake too, judging by the hoarse coughs that would shake him seldomly. Soft breaths could be heard as the brunet was forced to breathe through his mouth.

The usual thought-induced insomnia was for once not responsible for his lack of sleep. There was no way he could work with Xeph feeling as he was.

They were lying in different positions from the normal way they slept together. Instead of sleeping nose to nose as they tended to, Lalna was snuggled into the back of a head as opposed to a front. Xeph had insisted on the change, horrified at the thought of coughing into the blond's face. And so, Lalna was made the big spoon for tonight. And last night. Hopefully not tomorrow night.

Xephos had seemed fairly fine when it'd started. A runny nose and a cough here or there, but otherwise everything was fine. Then varied coughs became constant hacks, runny became plugged, and a smooth voice was reduced to a quiet croak.

Lalna just wished that he could do something; however, no device or concoction would be able to relieve the other of his discomforts.

He winced as another cacophony tore from Xephos's throat, probably more painful than it sounded. Lalna's arms tightened from their wrapped positions around the other's waist, fingers lightly holding the shirt he wore. Xeph responded pulling one of his arms from under the pillow and resting it against Lalna's.

If there were a way to get rid of every allergy-causing plant and creature, he would have done it, consequences be damned. But, since that was out of the question, the pair simply laid there getting what fitful rest that they could.

Credit to PossiblyPJ on Ao3

Sparks and Silver (S)

TW: Make outs

Lalna was bored. He had completed his castle and everything was in order. He had also had his revenge on Sjin and everything was back in order, after he had completed his punishment. Because of this, he divided to visit Honeydew and Xephos at Honeydew Inc.

"Hey, Lalna," Honeydew said as Lalna walked in.

"Hey Honeydew," Lalna replied, nodding in greeting. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Erm, yes? I think so. I am actually going for some rubber in the forest over there. I am pretty sure Xephos needs some help down in the quarry. He has found a cavern and just wants a quick look."

Lalna smiled. "Sure, I will go find him. Over here... Right?"

"Yup! Cya!"

As Lalna walked down the the quarry, he thought about the spaceman. He tried to think about what he was going to do next in his Castle, but his thoughts were completely and utterly filled with Xephos. His smile, his laugh, his quirky ways and the way he really cared about Lalna. The scientist smiled again before emerging out of the building by the quarry. He adjusted his flying ring, making sure it was definitely there before jumping down and flying over to the cavern, were Xephos was sitting with his legs over the edge and clutching his arm. As Lalna approached he realised why.

"Oh gosh, Xephos! Are you okay!"

Xephos bit his lip before shaking his head no. "It really hurts. My armour... it's charging... Just as I was approaching the ground... My ring fell off..." he mumbled meaning that the Scientist was only hearing some of the words. "Then there was also this Skeleton... Shot me..."

"Xeph, come on. Lets get you cleared up. What do you say?" Xephos nodded and let Lalna pull him up. "Come on, lets go."

Lalna half carried, half pulled Xephos along to the medical room where he ordered the Villager to clean up the wound. When the Spaceman was feeling a bit better and his arm was healed, the two men walked back out to the cavern and began to explore.

"Hey, Xephos, where is your armour? Still not clean?"

"No, it's not..."

"Hey, I have a spare set of Irons... You can borrow my Diamond ones if you want." Lalna started to remove his diamond armour and replace the pieces with Iron instead.

"No, no! Stop! I can have the Iron, you keep the Diamond..."

"Oh come on! At least take the chestplate!"

"No! Keep it!"

"Yes, you have it!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

This carried on for a while until Xephos finally gave in and accepted the piece of Diamond armour, as well as the other pieces of Iron. "You keep the rest of the Diamond armour though!"

"I am, I am!" Lalna cried, laughing loudly.

"Good!" Xephos grinned.

After that, they got to work, collecting minerals, killing mobs and creating loads of torches, because Xephos is Xephos and that man loves torches.

Lalna seemed ocupied, Xephos thought. And that was true. Lalna was pretty occupied. His thoughts were completely filled with Xephos. He kept finding his eyes following every move of the spaceman and, well, that ass... If you know what I mean!

Xephos looked down over the side of the platform they were standing on and shot an arrow at a Creeper who was staring up at him. As he did so, another Creeper approached the man. By the time Lalna noticed, it was too late. He shouted to warn the other guy, but the noise of the explosion blocked it from reaching Xephos' ears. He stumbled before crying out and falling into the abyss below. Lalna saw this and wasted no time in jumping off the face himself and caught up with Xephos, wrapping his arms around the others' waist. He then slowed them down and safely brought them down to land. Xephos was still clinging desperately into Lalna and had his eyes screwed shut as if he were expecting impact onto the ground.

The Scientist smiled slightly before speaking softly. "I guess you forgot your flying ring too...?"

Xephos blushed before opening his eyes. "Ah, yes... It seems I have..." He did not move away, however. Something about the arms wrapped around him made him feel safe and at home. Lalna didn't move. Xephos' arms gripping on to him was very nice and he felt loved and trusted.

They stared at each other for a couple of seconds before, all of a sudden, Xephos leaned in and planted a small kiss on Lalna's lips. Lalna pushed him away.

"What was that for?!" he almost shouted, confused at the fact that he actually... Enjoyed the two seconds that it lasted?

The shorter man blushed and bit his lip before muttering something that Lalna could not make out. As Xephos was about to speak, he realised that

he couldn't. Something was stopping him and it was a few moments before he realised it was a pair of lips... Lalna's lips. As soon as he realised this, he began to move his own against the other pair.

Lalna had never believed in love. Not really. Any past partners - three girls and one guy, to be precise - had been scrapped within a month as Lalna felt no attraction to them at all. This man, however... With him he felt like he could rule the world. He had never felt any sparks before; well, maybe a very small one with his ex-boyfriend. With the man he was kissing now there were, not to be too cliché, there were almost fireworks. For him it felt like July 4th, November 5th and New Years, all rolled into one!

Xephos was feeling the same. What was it, what was it about Lalna. That was the question that he kept asking himself. Again, he had never felt this with Lomadia, his only other partner. Although he thought that she was the one, Honeydew helped him realise that she was only playing him and she was only after him for the money and the Jaffas.

The couple made out for a few more minutes. Lalna grinned before bringing his tongue and hesitantly darting it out to touch Xephos' lip. The Spaceman opened his mouth and battled for dominance for a few seconds before realising that the Scientist had the upper hand on this one. Lalna slowly pushed Xephos into the closest wall and placed his hands on either side of his face while the non-dominant of the two kept one arm around the dominant's neck and snaked the other down to grab Lalna's butt. He then ran both of his hands along Lalna's frame and slowly pulled off the Scientists white lab coat. Lalna co-operated. It fell to the floor and the Spaceman was just about to unbutton the others dark shirt and pull off the goggles that sat a-top his head when they heard a small thud behind them. They ignored it and carried on kissing; but not for long!

"I'd tap that!" said a certain ginger-haired dwarf from behind them.

They leapt apart and both of their faces went bright red. "I was enjoying that," Lalna muttered.

Honeydew only laughed. "I can tell!" he said, nodding downwards slightly. Lalna went brighter red and Xephos stepped forwards to stand next to him,

interlacing their fingers as he did and smiling up at the taller man.

The dwarf coughed and gave a cocky look. "Ahem. Well, if you wanted time together then you just had to ask!"

"Bu-"

"No, no. I know when I'm not wanted... Cya lovebirds later!" He grinned and jumped up to fly out of the hole.

After staring into each others eyes for another few seconds, Xephos pulled off Lalna's flying ring and put it on his own finger. Lalna gave a confused look before Xephos picked up the Scientists jacket, grabbed onto him and pulled them both up to the factory and they walked through to the village and to the Spaceman's house. Xephos unlocked the door and pulled Lalna through.

"We... Erm, we need to talk..." Xephos mumbled, playing with the lab coat between his fingers.

"Well, shall I start?"

"Go ahead."

"Erm... I guess that I have always liked you... And... Well, I realise that now and... Yeah..."

Xephos smiled at these words. "Good. I have always liked you too."

Lalna smiled back. "Well, in that case... Babe-"

"Don't call me that!" Xephos groaned and fake-glared at the other.

Lalna carried on talking. "Well, how about another nickname?"

"And what would that be?"

"Boyfriend."

Xephos frowned. "B-boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend. Yes."

"Well... Yes. Boyfriend it is."

Xephos pulled Lalna into another kiss and dropped the coat on then floor. Lalna backed his boyfriend onto the bed and lay down on top of him. That night - the first night of their relationship - was the best they had had their whole life. So far. For both of the boys knew that this was to be the start of a beautiful relationship.

Credit to kjeikedog on AO3

Lalna Was Not A Doctor (N)

TW: Xeno, Frontage, Smut, Injury Mention

Lalna was not a doctor. Everyone knew this. But he was the only one who understood enough about anatomy and medical machinery to be useful, so he unofficially took the role whenever it was needed. He didn't mind since it let him study some of his stranger companions who normally would never let him get close. So naturally when his alien friend Xephos showed up at his lab one day, pale and holding his side, he immediately led him in.

When they got onto the floor that had been hastily set up as a medical lab, Lalna gestured at a metal table in the middle of the room. "Take off your clothes and sit down. What happened?"

"Er..." Xephos hesitated as he shrugged off his jacked and lifted his shirt over his head, dropping them on the floor behind the table. "Well, I can't really... I-its confidential Yoglabs, uh, business. I just need someone to look at this." He pulled his pants down his hips a few inches to reveal a large bruise and what appeared to be puncture marks on his right side.

Lalna leaned in closer but he could see the injury was still half covered. He stood back up and turned away to gather up some supplies. "Take your pants off too. Doesn't Yoglabs have doctors?"

There was a shuffling behind him as Xephos finished undressing. "They were killed in the- look, just, don't worry about it." Lalna shook his head. There was a reason he chose not to work at Yoglabs. He turned back around, placing a tray of tools down. Xephos was fully nude and sitting on the table now. His hands rested shyly over his crotch but Lalna didn't comment. The injury on his hip was visible and that was the important part.

He kneeled down to get a closer look. The uneven bruising spread from Xephos's hip down to the top of his right thigh. It wasn't clear if it was one

strangely shaped injury or a cluster of them. There were six small round holes in no clear pattern on his hip as well. They were definitely puncture wounds but from what, Lalna couldn't tell. He opened a bottle of disinfectant and poured some into a bowl to dip cotton swabs in. "You're gonna have to give me a little more info, Xeph. I mean what sort of infections we need to watch for depends on if metal or claws or something else made these."

"Metal shrapnel. I think I pulled all the pieces out but, uh, I'm not sure if-" He cut himself off with a sharp hiss as Lalna started pressing the swabs against the wounds.

Lalna continued undeterred. "Thank you. At least I know what I'm looking at now. How did it make such clean holes though? Regular shrapnel should have shredded you up."

"That's classified."

"Right. Of course it is."

Lalna continued cleaning the wounds, checking each one for stray objects. They were surprisingly clean and he couldn't see any shrapnel left at all. Even the bleeding was minimal for how deep the wounds seemed to go. Xephos was clearly trying hard not to squirm and complain but he couldn't help but jump and gasp as Lalna poked at the bruises.

"Is that necessary?" he asked, annoyance in his voice.

"Yes. It is." Lalna tried not to smile too much. It was always pretty amusing pushing Xephos's buttons. "I want to make sure there aren't deeply imbedded pieces or anything broken under there." His hands ran over the bruised area, up the side of his hip, down the front and stopping when he got to where Xephos was covering himself. He looked up at the spaceman's face as he gestured for him to move his hands. Xephos complied, hesitantly, keeping his gaze on the wall to his left to avoid Lalna's eyes.

Lalna paused when he looked back down. He had never fully examined Xephos before because, well, he wasn't a doctor and he had never needed

to. He had made some notes about each of his nonhuman companions listing any unique traits but this hadn't even occurred to him. Despite Xephos's surprisingly human-like body his genitalia was unlike anything Lalna had ever studied before. It was wide at the base and tapered to a thinner tip, making a long, plump triangle shape. Lalna resumed poking around the bruise, slowly, until one hand brushed up against the alien genitalia. To his surprised it curled slightly and wriggled.

"L-Lalna-"

"I'm being as careful as I can." It wasn't a complete lie. Lalna knew he would probably never get another chance to study this. It was fascinating, was he the first human to really see how alien the spaceman is? He wanted to see if it always moved like that, how sensitive it was, how far Xephos would let him go. The bruise stopped a good few inches from the genitals but that was hardly important. He moved his hand along the bruise down Xephos's thigh, then back up to feel around the bottom of the thick base. Xephos gasped and his length wriggled back and forth. Lalna couldn't help but smile at the reaction.

"Lalna, I d-don't think you know what y-you're doing." Xephos's voice was tight and his face was turning red. Surprisingly, though, he made no move to stop him.

The scientist grinned up at him. "That's the fun of finding things out." He ran his fingers along the bottom, making the spaceman inhale sharply. He made quick mental notes about every detail he could as he continued. The way it tried to curl around his fingers, the viscous fluid making it slippery, the way Xephos was now gripping his shoulder and breathing faster. Lalna wrapped his hand around the base and slowly started stroking. Xephos closed his eyes and moaned, trying to cut off the sound by biting his lip. Lalna felt himself getting aroused and started rubbing the tip, trying to get more noises out of him. He was rewarded with a whine that went straight to his groin.

When he pulled his hand away Xephos opened his eyes and let out a frustrated groan. Lalna stood up and started unbuttoning his lab coat and trousers, all the while watching in fascination as Xephos began touching

himself. One hand moved down to his wriggling length, fingers gliding over and underneath as it curled and squeezed against his hand. Lalna wasn't sure if he was controlling it or if it just moved on its own. Part of him wanted to pursue this question but part of him was too excited and just wanted to get his hands on him again, damn the details.

He stepped forward, lab coat open and pants pushed down his thighs, his hands grabbing at Xephos's waist and his lips pressing against his neck. Xephos leaned into him and wrapped a hand around his cock, making him moan against the spaceman's skin. His hand's movements were light, teasing, giving a couple good strokes then going back to fingertips. Lalna needed more contact and his hips rolled foward into the hand. His lips on Xephos's neck was replaced with teeth. Xephos gasped and tilted his head back and seemed to momentarily forget about the cock he was holding.

"Xeph, come on, don't tease me," Lalna growled between bites. He heard Xephos laugh softly and felt the hand continue to just brush against him. It was getting harder to control himself and finally he just pushed foward, pressing their hips together and rutting against him. Xephos moaned and wrapped his arms around Lalna's back. He seemed to gain control again after a few moments and moved one hand back down, wrapping it around both of their shafts.

Lalna leaned back a bit from attacking Xephos's neck. "Oh, oh god, Xeph..." He could feel the alien length wrapping around him. Its movements were anxious, constantly moving and twisting even as Xephos's hand worked over them. The sensation was new and amazing and Lalna couldn't stop a stream of moans from escaping his lips. It was covered in the strange fluid now making everything slippery and warm. It was almost like a large wriggling tongue wrapping around him. His hips thrusted forward of their own accord and his moans rose in pitch as he neared his climax. Xephos's frantic movements and desperate groping hinted that he was getting close too.

Suddenly Xephos went still, squeezing Lalna's body into his and gasping as he came. It was only a few moments before Lalna followed, hips shuddering and eyes rolling back.

They didn't move for a minute, both of them breathing heavily and just lazily holding each other. When they did separate Lalna noticed both of their stomachs were a mess of semen and, well, whatever that thick fluid on his alien friend's genitals was. He'd have to remember to get a sample some time.

He buttoned his pants back up, retrieved a few rags from a nearby chest, and handed some to Xephos. "Well, I'd say you'll be alright. I didn't see any shrapnel but come back if it doesn't start healing within a week."

Xephos took the rags but didnt make any move to clean himself. He just stared at Lalna and stuttered, "Wh- you- Really? What in the hell was that?"

"What?" Lalna grabbed a clipboard and starting writing something down. For all his acting like nothing strange was going on he was very awkwardly avoiding eye contact now.

"Lalna, don't-" He sighed, exasperated. "Do you start jacking off all your patients now? I mean, what happened there?"

Lalna lowered the clipboard and glanced up at him, a sheepish smile on his face. "N-no, I was just, you know, curious." The smile dropped. "Was that ok? I mean, are you ok?"

Xephos hesitated, then sighed again and looked down to actually start cleaning himself up. "It was fine, Lalna. I guess just a little warning would be nice. Or somewhere more comfortable than a metal table."

They finished cleaning up, including re-checking and bandaging the wounds. As Xephos got dressed Lalna went over the quickly jotted down notes on his clipboard. "You know, Xeph, I'd like to run a few more tests. If you're willing."

"More tests? What fo- Oh." Now Xephos was smiling sheepishly. "Well, maybe sometime. When I'm done cleaning up the mess at Yoglabs."

Lalna didn't stop grinning as he escorted his spaceman friend out of the castle and watched him head back to his own lab. He was already making

mental checklists of all the tests he wanted to do, scientific and otherwise. He turned and went back in to start preparing a better test site than the cold medical table, already eager for Xephos's return.

Credit to NickieMoot on Ao3

You're Just My Type (N)

TW: Yoglabs, alien!xephos, Clones, Clone Sex, Tentacles, Threesome - M/M/M, Self-cest, Little bit of Fluff, Double Anal Penetration, Hair-pulling

Lalna stared at the clock as it ticked ever-so-slowly over to lunchtime. Finally, when the red dashes formed a 12 and two 00s, he lept up, smacking his knee on the machine he had been repairing in the process. He dumped his tools in the toolbox, slapped a Do Not Disturb sign on the mess so the janitors wouldn't accidentally toss anything again (little did he know that the janitors had avoided Lalna's room entirely since the last time they did that- one conflict with Xephos was enough), and bolted out the door. The corridor was empty, and Lalna was thankful that the testificates dined in a separate part of the building entirely, it meant tiny lines to the excellent pizza, as it was only the human department leads who ate in this section of the building.

The corridors were empty. No one was around to see him. The hard, freshly-waxed floors called to him.

Lalna slipped off his shoes, tossing them back into his room and leaving him in just his socks. Laughing, he took off running, flung his arms out, and slid further than he had expected to, crashing into a wall on a sharp turn. He went down hard, smacking into the wall, then the floor. Shit. He'd have to check in with the clinic before he went to lunch and report the incident, but he couldn't imagine how he'd explain this. "Sorry, doc, I, a scientific professional and lead researcher at Yoglabs, hurt myself because I was seeing how far I could slide in my socks." Yeah, like that'd fly.

He limped that way anyways, grumbling about his lack of lunch. No doubt Xephos would bring him some leftovers later, and they could laugh about it over cold pizza. Maybe he could get away with building a microwave into his Top Secret Experiment. Checking the map of Yoglabs he kept on his

phone, Lalna realized that he could make a detour to the coffee lounge for a moment before heading over to the clinic. He traced the path into the program and the correct coloured line highlighted itself. But it would be such a long way if he just walked, and his shoes were still in his room...

He took off down the hall again, running and sliding until he spotted the open entrance of the coffee lounge. With one last burst of energy, he ran, slid, and stopped directly in the middle of the doorway.

"I," he congratulated himself, "am a professional."

About to enter the lounge, Lalna stopped when he noticed a couple, sitting up against the wall next to the all-important coffee machine. They were wrapped in a passionate embrace, and Lalna didn't blame them. Since Yoglabs employees rarely left besides in a body bag, you had to find love- or lust- where you could.

One of the partners was straddling the other's leg, pressing him up against the wall and covering a large part of their body, making identification impossible. The only thing visible of the other was their long legs, sprawled across the floor, and their hands, one tangled in the top's long blonde hair and the other clutching their white coat, pulling the two close. They kissed slowly, heads moving like they had all the time in the world. Until Lalna's path changed, they probably did. He could leave them alone and head off to his checkup so they could count his bruises and record his excuse, but his stomach growled at him. It was lunch, and even if the only thing he could get was questionable "coffee", he wanted it.

The blond had moved away from the other's face now, kissing down his neck in a way that made the one underneath moan deeply. It was clear, now, that they were both male. Cute, but it didn't deter Lalna from wanting his coffee any more. He walked into the room, hoping to sidestep them on the way to the machine, but his presence startled the poor couple. The bottom kicked his legs in alarm, pushing his knee up into the top's crotch, who groaned and rolled his hips, clearly misunderstanding his intentions.

"Don't mind me, just getting a drink," Lalna chuckled, in an attempt to calm them down, but the bottom pushed the blonde away in a panic.

"Shit shit shit shit shit," he shouted, and Lalna froze as the top moved away, revealing who was underneath.

Xephos sat there, panting hard, perfect hair mussed and lips swollen from kissing. He looked absolutely ravished, and seeing his eyes trained on Lalna stirred something within him.

"A clone?"

Lalna turned his eyes to the third man in the room at the words, and his thoughts stopped in their tracks. Because the man that had had Xephos pushed up against the wall, snogging the life out of him, wore his face. His eyes were wide, eyebrows pulled together, a slightly confused smile on his face as he reached over and took Xephos' hand.

"Poor thing, he must have testificates looking for him. Should I escort him home, or just...?" He grimaced, and Lalna felt a bit insulted, being talked about as if he was simply an experiment.

"Excuse me? Xephos, what's going on?"

Both men looked at Xephos for an answer, and he sighed, tipping his head back against the wall. Pulling out his phone, Xephos poked at it and held it up to his ear.

"Pardon the interruption, but is any department missing a Lalna clone, or shapeshifter of any kind? Over." His voice echoed over the loudspeakers. "There, that should clear up one question. The only problem I have with this is, clone or not, how did he get into the restricted areas?"

"I work here," Lalna reminded him. "I live here. Why are you treating me as if I'm the imposter?"

"Because I've been with this one since we woke up this morning," Xephos said dryly, "and you've only just arrived. If you've really been here for that long, you'd understand my suspicion."

"I only wanted coffee," he goaned, sitting down across from them. Xephos' phone beeped, and he returned his attention to it.

"Why aren't you wearing shoes?" his doppelganger questioned him quietly. Lalna shook his head.

"They just waxed the floors," he explained, and they shared a knowing smile. At least they weren't that different.

"Oh, great." Xephos spoke up. His sarcasm was obvious. "Three-X says they initiated a rudimentary timeline switch when backing up the drives, that could be it. Very isolated, usually, but you know Yoglabs. If it can go wrong, it does, and if it can't possibly go wrong, everything dies." This earned a chuckle from the other two. "They'll be done around one, the earliest they can be done is twelve forty-five, any sooner and it could damage the system. So if that's the case, we've got less than an hour to figure out something to do."

"Oh, I think we could figure something out." The one holding Xephos' hand smirked. Was that really what he looked like when he was trying to flirt? Honestly, he could do so much better. Had done, apparently, seeing as this one was with Xephos.

"I'm in." Lalna smirked right back, and Xephos glanced between them.

"Oh god, I'm in for it, aren't I? Just, I mean, can we figure out names? I'm not calling you both Lalna."

"I'll go for Duncan, then, easy compromise," Duncan said, laying his head on Xephos' shoulder and bringing his hand up to tilt Xephos' chin towards him. "I don't mind either way."

"Works for me," Lalna agreed. He should probably have questioned why he was so eager, but when else was he going to get this chance?

Duncan pulled Xephos in for a kiss, gently cupping his chin. It was odd, seeing himself. He'd seen himself in the mirror, of course, but everything

was flipped. And it wasn't like a video, either, because he hadn't the frame of reference for the thoughts behind the face.

Lalna was pulled out of his thoughts by said face directly in front of his. His double licked his lips, raised his eyebrows, and leaned in with a smile, soft lips touching at last. He could feel where Duncan's bottom lip was chewed raw, like his, a nervous habit he had never been able to kick. He wanted more of the sensation. Normally, tastes mixed when mouthes clashed, but here it was almost as if they were continuous. Lalna hooked one arm over Duncan's shoulder, in an attempt to push him backwards and take control, and Duncan grabbed Lalna's hair in his fist and pulled. Letting out a gasp, Lalna let his head be pulled backwards, and looked over to Xephos, who was staring at them with his lips parted.

"You know, Xeph," Duncan released Lalna from his grip, "I get enough of you. Why don't we let him have a try?"

"Oh, yes, of course." Xephos reached for Lalna, sliding his hand across the back of his neck. "You liked it when he pulled your hair. It took me months to figure that out."

Lalna climbed into Xephos' lap and straddled him, looking down into his large blue eyes. "I fucking love it," he admitted, and kissed him. This, this was more like real kissing, a new sensation, not knowing what, exactly, the other would try, and Lalna let his hands roam over this new territory, reawakening every wandering desire that had been pushed down over the years. Xephos was muscular, despite his lean frame, and cool to the touch, no doubt a product of his alien physiology. He had tried every way he could think of to access the medical records, but they were locked down tight, and he smiled at the thought that he could finally know what the spaceman was hiding in his trousers.

There was a gentle presence at his back, and Duncan leaned into him, nipping at his neck and pulling his lab coat down and off his shoulders. Xephos had finally taken to playing with his hair now, and his scalp buzzed with sensation. Duncan moved his hands up Lalna's shirt, clearly doing his best to get Lalna naked as soon as possible. Breaking from Xephos' lips, his lifted his hands above his head, and Duncan slipped his shirt off, returning

to circle his arms around Lalna's waist. They were skin to skin now, but it wasn't enough. He leaned back, away from Xephos and into Duncan, pushing until they were both on the floor, with Duncan under him. Duncan continued to kiss at his shoulders, unfazed, while Lalna wrestled his jeans and pants off. His erection finally hit the air, and he noticed Xephos staring.

"Come on, Xephos, you're the only one here still fully dressed," he urged. Xephos, obligingly, slipped off his ever-present long coat and flung his shirt across the room. He looked mainly human, aside from the light blue blush that tinted his cheeks.

Duncan's hand crept up Lalna's hip, finally getting a grip on his cock. "Utterly identical," he murmured, almost to himself, and Lalna tipped his head back, moaning.

"Fuck, I can't stand seeing you like this," Xephos breathed, finally pulling off the last of his clothing. Lalna sat up to watch, unfortunately pushing his rear into Duncan's junk, who let out a small, pained noise and pushed him up the rest of the way, so Lalna was kneeling, staring at what Xephos had just pulled out.

It was shorter than Lalna had expected, perhaps around four inches, and blue, wide at the base and narrow at the tip, with a series of enticing bumps and ridges along it, and it was dripping. Curious, Lalna leaned forwards and licked at it, eliciting a devastating noise from Xephos and causing him to lean back into the wall for support. He was just about to go for another one of those noises when he was smacked in the head with a pair of jeans.

"Didn't my mother ever teach me not to put strange things in my mouth?" Duncan scolded.

"That was honestly a very weird sentence, and what the fuck, by the way," Lalna retorted. "I figure you've done it before, it should be safe."

"I'm not saying it's not going to be safe for you. I'm saying you can't just dive in and treat it like a cock," he explained. "or everyone's gonna have a bad time. Watch." He shoved Lalna over and placed one hand on Xephos thigh, tilting his chin towards his member and parting his lips. The more

Lalna thought about it, the more it seemed to resemble a tentacle. Did Duncan put that inside him? Would he get a try?

Duncan used his other hand to reach up and gently stroke the tentacle with two fingers, running down to massage the area where it met his skin. Slowly, as Xephos visibly relaxed, the skin in the area became slightly swelled before something fascinating happened- the shortish tentacle extended, sliding out of its sheath where it had been hidden before, curling and writhing.

"So he's a grower," Lalna chuckled. "Always wondered."

The tentacle made its way towards Duncan, exploring the contours of the man's face, dipping in between his lips. Rather than take action, as Lalna would have liked to do, Duncan remained slack as the other end disappeared again, this time down into Duncan's throat. Lalna recognized his own fantastic gag reflex- the result of years of practice. But as Lalna gave in and began stroking his own aching cock, Duncan gently grabbed the intruder and drew it out of his mouth.

"You should have seen the look on his face when he first saw mine. Just because he's science smart doesn't mean he's biology smart."

"Speaking of biology," Xephos' voice was shaky and they both turned to look at him, "please tell me we're doing something other than admiring myappendage . I'm not a toy."

"Sometimes you are," Duncan growled at him, and Xephos gulped, smiling uncertainly. "Get back down here. The party's on the floor."

Oh, but that was a tone Lalna could go for, even if it was coming from the mouth of a man who looked like him. "Lube, we need lube," he said frantically, grabbing at the coats around them. Duncan pulled a hand-sized bottle out of his lab coat pocket, holding it up and quirking an eyebrow.

"Guest's choice."

Lalna looked between the two of them, possibilities running through his head, knowing the time they had was short. His eyes settled on the lube. "I think, maybe...You already know."

"I also know the number of fantasies you've had. Can't you choose one for yourself?"

Lalna leaned close to Duncan, cheeks brushing as he whispered to him, a smile growing on Duncan's face.

"Perfect. But I want you to be facing me."

Lalna took a long look at Xephos, then nodded. He maneuvered himself, with the help of two pairs of hands, so that he was sitting backwards on Xephos' lap, the tentacle, a good eight inches now, twisting between his legs.

"Is it consciously controlled?" he asked, reaching down to touch it lightly.

"Somewhat," was the only answer he received before Duncan, fingers coated in lube, pressed one digit inside him. One digit became two, and Lalna's eyes rolled back in his head.

"Look at me." Duncan pulled his hair so that Lalna was staring at his own crotch. He seemed to be dripping almost as much liquid as Xephos was, and the sight of lean, pink fingers disappearing into him had a mesmerizing effect. Xephos' arms wrapped around him, holding him up, giving him a sense of support. The fingers of Duncan's other hand were digging into Lalna's thigh, leaving fingerprints and- Lalna hoped- bruises. If there were bruises he could look at them in the morning and remind himself that it was real, that it wasn't simply some sick fantasy. Duncan pushed a third finger into him, then removed them entirely, stretching his legs apart and up as Lalna let out a sharp, guttural noise.

With a glance at Xephos, who had his face buried in Lalna's hair, eyes watching the action as if he were content to simply stare, Duncan took hold of Xephos' tentacle, aligning it with Lalna's ass. The tip felt strange, twitching as it slid into him, filling him gradually. The texture he had been

so mesmerized by before felt wonderful, hitting all the right places. Of course Xephos knew where Lalna's sweet spots were, the same as how Duncan had known exactly how much stretching he would need. His body was nothing new to them.

"I know what you're thinking," Duncan tilted his head. "You want more, you want it to thrust like a normal human's would, but trust me, just breathe." Xephos squirmed inside him and sent shivers up his spine. He tried, really tried, to breathe the way Duncan was guiding him, and the tentacle slid down a bit, curving into an s-shape and pressing against Lalna's prostate. The noises he was making were less begging and more just whatever made its way past his lips.

Duncan pressed their foreheads together, kissing him deeply, bringing back that realization that there really were no physical differences between the two. Could he do this? Was what he had asked for really what he wanted? It was so big inside him already. He threw one arm up to press against Duncan's shoulder.

"I don't know if I can do this," he panted.

"It's all right, I've got you," Duncan reassured him, one hand on the back of Lalna's head. "Just hold on." He squeezed the base of Lalna's cock, forcing down the pressure welling in his abdomen, and with the other hand, directed his own underneath Lalna. He was dripping from Xephos' presence inside him, and they needed no more lube. "Hold on. 'Red' if it really is too much."

"Fuck," Lalna whimpered, as Duncan slid into him, stretching him wider than he thought he could go. The way they moved together, they knew each other so well, and the feeling that he was only an object in their pleasure, it struck a chord in his head that he hadn't known he wanted. Duncan began to thrust at a breath-taking pace, while Xephos' tentacle almost seemed to chase him around. The different sensations moved through him like a tidal wave, ripping a primal scream from his throat. For the first time in a long while, Xephos moved. He removed his hands from around Lalna's waist, encircling them both, and pulling them all closer together in a pile of limbs and skin and sweat.

"You're both so beautiful," he managed, whispering into Lalna's hair, and Lalna felt the tentacle swell, moving from the base to the tip, and Xephos coated his insides with liquid. The added sensation was enough to send Lalna spiralling into ecstasy, thrashing as Duncan continued to push into him, long, rough strokes that he would have loved any other time but right now they were just too much, too much. Xephos' tentacle was slowly retreating, leaving Lalna with only Duncan inside him, forcing him past his limits. He grasped at Duncan's arms, hoping to get the message across with just his body, but it wasn't enough.

"Duncan, fuck, red, I'm done," he rasped. "It hurts."

His double stopped, looking into his eyes. Was that what he looked like right now, so thoroughly fucked, eyes blown wide and face flushed from his head to his ears all the way down to his chest, hair hanging and mussed? No wonder he couldn't resist himself. He always had been a bit of a narcissist.

"You're done, I'm not, now what are we going to do about that?" Duncan teased.

"I don't know, whatever you like. Just, not this, okay?"

Finally pulling out, Duncan took a moment to sit back and breathe. Xephos' chest was moving slowly up and down, and his arms had gone slack. Lalna extracted himself from the spaceman's arms, moving to his knees and ignoring the pain. "Let me help."

"I'm almost there, just a bit more," Lalna grabbed at Duncan's cock, head flushed purple with lust, pulling and sliding in just the way he liked. It was different, feeling it from this angle, but they had done so much for him that he wanted to do what he could. Letting his able fingers work their magic, he used his other hand to dip below, pressing at the very personal pressure point where his balls attached in the back. Duncan came almost immediately, in spurts across Lalna's hand. He had an urge to lick it off his fingers, and so he did. He was never very good at impulse control. Disappointingly, though he could hardly complain about anything in this encounter, it tasted like he knew it would, like his own. Who hadn't tried before?

Grabbing Xephos' phone from where he had set it, Duncan glanced at the time. "We've still got a few minutes before you have to go," he told him, laying back on the floor and staring at the ceiling.

"Does the coffee machine work in this universe?"

"Does it ever?" They shared a laugh and Lalna lay down next to Duncan. Despite being sweaty and sticky and desperately needing a shower, he lay on his side, one arm over his doppelganger.

"Alright, I give up. How did you do it?"

"Do what?" Duncan's voice was sleepy, and he turned his head so that their noses were almost touching.

"How did he finally get the message? Honestly, we've been so close for years, and he's never shown an interest."

"Trust me, he's got an interest. At least he did here. Poor thing looked so nervous and awkward and beautiful that I just straight up smacked him one. Best decision I've ever made in my life, hands down."

They looked over at Xephos, slumped against the wall, colour slowly fading from his cheeks. He was a perfect disaster, and Lalna wanted to bundle him up and put him in his pocket and carry him around forever.

He didn't know how long they lay there, falling asleep to the rhythm of gentle breathing. But seamlessly, it seemed, the taste of the air changed, the body he had been clinging to was no longer there, and he found himself lying cold and naked on the ground. Not wanting to get up, Lalna curled up in a ball and decided to continue sleeping.

He was awoken a second time to soft voices overhead. Peeling his eyes open, he noticed that he had garnered quite a crowd, all of whom were looking down at him with concerned expressions, whispering theories about what had happened. Conversation stopped when Lalna managed to sit up, and someone handed him his clothes, which must have returned with him. Things always return to where they belong.

A shout echoed through the halls and the group parted as Xephos ran in.

"Everyone is dismissed," he commanded, then, speaking into his phone, announced, "The search is over, all staff are required to return to duty."

There was an immediate exodus and Lalna and Xephos were alone in the room. "Are you all right? Can you tell me what happened?" He held out a hand and helped Lalna up, but his legs were still shaky, and he leaned on Xephos for support, clutching his bundle of clothing to him. One of Xephos' arms went around his shoulder, and he shivered, reminded of the other reason those arms had encircled him.

"Three-X did server maintenance, right?" Lalna recalled.

"Yes, but- Are you saying it affected you? Did you get forced into some sort of timeline where this happened?" Xephos gestured to Lalna's state of undress, keeping his eyes trained on the ceiling, obviously a lot more embarrassed about the situation than Lalna was. Lalna looked down at himself, and noticed that some of what had dried on the inside of his legs was a very distinct shade of blue.

"I wouldn't say forced, no," he smiled. Dropping his clothes, he wrapped his arms around Xephos, pressing them tightly together.

"Lalna? Are you sure you're alright?"

"Look at me," Lalna told him, placing his hand on the back of Xephos' head and maneuvering them so that he could stare into Xephos' shining blue eyes. "Xephos?"

"Lalna?"

"I love you, you idiot," he told him, then kissed him. Lalna could almost feel his emotions- hesitant, at first, then pressing back into him as he gave in and draped his arms around Lalna's neck. They stayed like that for a long while, gently moving and breathing together. There would be time for questions later.

Finally breaking the moment, Lalna pulled back and grinned.

"Now, what do you say we go get some lunch? I'm absolutely starving."

Credit to donotspeaktomeofdragonfire on Ao3

World's Greatest Mum (S)

TW: Alien language, Xeph is monogender

"Ugh, this is so boring", whined Lalna.

He was in the middle of making materials for the next big project and he bored to tears after hours and hours of crafting them.

He stretched a little, feeling his back relax after hours of bending over the table. He looked out of the nearby window, saw it was still no where near the end of the day, and sighed.

Well I've still got loads to do, might as well take a break now, thought Lalna. He figured he'd head over to the kitchen, see if there was anything good for a snack.

When he got there he decided he was thirsty and went to get a glass from the cups cabinet. Reaching in he rummaged around for one, starting to pull back when he found a suitable one, but right before he finished he knocked against a mug. And as always when that happens it shot out of the cabinet and towards the ground as if had been thrown instead of nudged.

Lalna hurriedly turned around to try and catch it but missed when he swiped for it. It hit the ground and shattered, spraying ceramic shards over the kitchen floor. Looking closer he was horrified to see it was the BEE MINE mug Honeydew had given to Xephos (with much blushing and shuffling of feet), and which was Xephos' favourite mug, the one he used every morning for his tea.

Lalna anxiously swept up the pieces and tried to figure out how to put it back together, trying and failing to fit the pieces to each other. Eventually he gave up, resigning himself to an upset Xephos when he got home.

Staring down at the broken mug, his gaze landed on the bits of lettering he could still see, and inspiration hit him.

All he had to do was make him a new one! He quickly hid the mug pieces at the bottom of a trashcan and hurried out of kitchen to the crafting room.

Turns out making a mug was hard. Really really hard.

The clay had to be just right, then you had to mold it while keeping it the right thickness or it would collapse, you couldn't rush through it or it would, again, collapse and then you had to wait for it to dry before you could fire it.

UGH.

Frustrated, Lalna smushed another failed clay mug into back into a ball, and tried again to make something even resembling a mug. He'd been trying for at least an hour now with nothing to show for it, and he had no idea when Xephos would get back home.

He bent over the table, determined to do this, and went back to it.

A (long) while later found Lalna admiring his creation, turning it round in his hands. He'd managed to make a mug that was at least 90% the right shape, fired it without cracking it, and even managed to paint it pretty decently, if he said so himself. He had painted the mug burgundy and declaring WORLD'S GREATEST MUM* in gold lettering. Well, it kinda said that anyway. Lalna had tried his best to translate it to Xephos' native language and hoped it made sense.

He was just about to look around for something to wrap it in when he heard the front door open and shut. He whipped his head around to look at the window and saw the sun close to the horizon.

"It's been that long already?!", panicked Lalna. Sure his present was done, but he still wasn't ready! He stilled as he heard shuffling noises coming from the kitchen down the hall.

Well, he thought, guess I better get this over with, then. And he marched out of the room.

Lalna entered the kitchen to see Xephos rummaging around the cabinets for something, a box of tea and a kettle sitting on the counter near him.

Nervously Lalna cleared his throat. Xephos looked round and sent a smile at Lalna.

"Hello Lalna, have you seen my bee mug anywhere? I can't find it anywhere", said Xephos. He turned back to his search with a small frown while waiting for Lalna to answer.

"Um, well, uh you see... Imaybebrokeitpleasedon'tbeangry", he blurted out quickly, hoping to get the worst over with.

Xephos turned around again with a confused look settling on his face.

"...what?" , asked Xephos.

Lalna hurried forward and pushed the mug towards Xephos.

"I made you this! I hope you like it!", said Lalna with a big smile. He was really hoping his exuberance and present distracted him from what he just said.

"Oh!", said Xephos, surprised. "You made me something?"

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Xephos took the mug from Lalna and looked it over. He did like that the mug's color matched his coat. Then he saw what was written on the mug and froze. There was careful, slightly wobbly writing, on the side saying

ɖugɑʒiŋ gɔsiki nɛŋɔ which normally would just make him roll his eyes at Lalna for his cheekiness and then thank him for the mug. But this was written in Xephos' language, which he knew wasn't something Lalna was exactly fluent in. It must have taken him some time to translate and write out.

He sniffed, overwhelmed with affection.

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Lalna, who had become slightly worried at the way Xephos had froze, was now definitely worried with the way Xephos was acting. He was uncertain if it was a good or bad reaction. He stayed still as Xephos looked back up.

"Like it?", said Xephos with a warm, slightly teary, smile. He placed the mug carefully on a nearby counter and then dragged a very relieved Lalna into a hug. "I love it".

After a short while Xephos pulled back slightly from the hug and said, "I forgive you for breaking my other mug. I would have anyways! But I do love you gift. Thank you".

Lalna blushed, pleased that his plan had worked and made Xephos happy.

"But Honeydew is still probably going to want to speak to you about breaking his gift", said Xephos with a grin.

Credit to BuckTheStar on Ao3

Doll Of Blood (S)

TW: Blood Mention, Lalnable, Evil-ness, Death, Gore, Violence, Torture? (maybe???)

Author's Note: Xephy - Red Eyes (Evil) Xephos - Blue Eyes (Good)

Chapter One:

"Xephos." A gruff voice snarled, echoing, impatient. "Where are you?" It was harsh and crude, footsteps approaching at a rapid pace.

Xephy waited, his head at an angle as he pouted out his lips. His feet were slightly apart as he sucked on his teeth, crimson eyes flickering up to see the figure before him, golden blade in left hand as he moved his head to see Lalna face him. "You took your time." He muttered, rolling his eyes.

"Where is she?" Lalna's blue eyes flashed around, searching, making contact with Xephy's when his search failed.

"Dead." The other replied with a shrug, strolling over. "Not like you care.." He giggled, standing in front of Lalna now, walking the index and middle finger of his right hand up Lalna's shoulder, feeling Lalna's body tense, a smile on his pale lips. "After all, what are you really, a clone, the original, we'll never know."

"I am the original." Lalna growled out from behind gritted teeth, a seething energy being sensed.

Xephy turned on his heel swiftly with a laugh, walking back to his original position. "Really, because that's what they all say." He spun, a twisted grin forming on his lips. "They say it over and over and over and do you know what Lalna?" Xephy's head fell to the side, a short giggle leaving the back of his throat. "I don't listen to them." His face became angered as he swung the blade up with ease, slicing across the chest of the man opposite him, crimson blood spraying in multiple directions, covering Xephy.

The body thudded against the cold ground. Xephy sighed, crouching down next to the body, laying his sword down for a minute as he grasped the hair of Lalna and the bottom of his jaw, opening and closing it as he mocked. "Oh, I'm the original Lalna!~" He proclaimed in a childish tone, releasing his grip, picking up his blade and standing, tutting as he shook his head. "Pathetic."

His eyes widened, the word echoing in his head. 'Pathetic..' It whispered out in a raspy tone, Xephy bringing a balled fist to his hair, sliding it through. "S-Shut up.." He muttered, beginning to walk away from the scene, lowering his fist, though it shook with anger.

The day was bright and sunny, unacceptable for a man to be walking around covered in blood but Xephy didn't care. He returned to clean up, his mind hazy.

"Are you alright?" A voice asked, it was Honeydew. He stood looking up at Xephos, pressing his two index fingers together, as if nervous.

"A-Ah..!" Xephos jumped at the sudden speaking, looking down at Honeydew, calming himself, hand pressed to his chest. "Y-Yes, are you, you look nervous." His blue eyes focused as best as they could on his bearded companion.

"Oh I'm fine! I just heard rumours.."

"Of what?"

"You..coming in..covered in blood.." Honeydew winced as he spoke, slowly moving his head up to meet Xephos' face.

Xephos tensed. 'They saw you!~' A voice cooed from within, Xephos feeling the inner personality scrape at his soul, clawing at him for freedom. "Gah, that was somebody different. I'm nothing like that, you know that." He let out a light laugh. "I've got to go meet with Lalna," 'You killed him, remember.' The voice added. "I'll see you in a bit." He briskly walked away from his friend, going into a room and shutting the door, pressing his body against it as he locked it, sliding down the door. "W-Why..are

you..still..here?" Xephos' voice was breathless and weak, his body curling up, tears trickling down his cheeks. 'Because..I'm you..!' The opposite cackled from Xephos mind, the scratching getting faster, mentally painful. 'I'm going to win and I'm going to kill them all and you'll be to blame.' The voice hissed.

"N-No...please.." Xephos cried out, whimpering as he dragged his sleeve along his face, forcefully ridding of the tears, burying his head into his knees as he whined out in pain, throwing his head up and gasping for air as the creature within him slowly engulfed him. "I won't let you win.." Xephos moved quickly from his curled position, getting onto his hands and knees, body tensing as his hands balled into fists, figure trembling. A drop of blood hit the floor and Xephos stared at it, pressing a hand to his nose. He keeled over, attempting to fight. "I...win.." His voice spoke, laughing softly. "You..lose.." Xephy pulled his body up, cracking his neck and looking around.

His red eyes peered out from behind the door before he made his way deeper and deeper into the facility, picking up a set of keys on the way. "Oh don't be so reluctant, you missed him too. I've seen the way you look at the corridor. How it's so dark, how it's so empty." Xephy carried on walking, increasing his pace a little to avoid any interaction, yet stopped for a minute, his hand balling into a fist. "Don't fight me, you're weak, you cry. I don't." He continued to walk.

Eventually, he got to his location, his body lurching forward and hitting the door, the figure inside snapping his head to Xephy, getting to his feet. "You must have a problem if you're here." The voice spoke roughly, though when his cell was opened, he immediately became soft, a smile on his face. "My doll!" He laughed, taking Xephy's hand, their eyes connecting for a minute. "You're hurt. He's hurting you, isn't he?"

"I'm fine.." Xephy grumbled, frowning.

Lalnable furrowed his brow, taking Xephy's hand. "You're not. What's he doing?" He brushed the tips of his fingers through Xephy's brown locks. "My doll, tell me, I want to help."

"You can't, it's fine, don't worry about it." Xephy snarled, his teeth gritting as he wheezed out. "Just come, I have to show you something." Xephy began to walk, staggering a little, feeling Lalnable support him though he didn't want it.

The two walked, arriving at the scene. "I found another clone." Xephy pointed down the corridor, leaning against the wall.

"I suppose you killed it?" Lalnable asked with a raised brow, walking over after Xephy responded with a nod. "Did it say anything?"

"Claimed to be the original Lalna, asked for the whereabouts of Nanosounds."

Lalnable looked over. "What did you say?"

"She's.." Xephy stopped speaking, Xephos forcefully pounding against him. "D-Dead.." 'YOU LIAR.' Xephos screeched, ripping Xephy out of the position, his blue eyes flashing to Lalnable. "You won't hurt me. He's inside here."

Lalnable laughed, getting to his feet. "Yes but you won't be, for long." He walked over, pressing a finger to Xephos' forehead. His red eyes stared down at Xephos, sick humour igniting in them. "You're weak Xephos, sickening to look at even. Those blue eyes, so full of life yet so dead inside." Lalnable took Xephos' chin, tilting his head to the side, his tongue sliding over Xephos' jawline, stopping at his ear. "You're a waste. A forgotten hero, let the fun version of you come out, eh? He's a lot more exciting."

"T-To you.." Xephos' voice stuttered, his body trembling.

"Well, you don't share the same bloodlust that Xephy and I do." Lalnable snarled, shoving Xephos against the wall easily. "Look at you, crumbling before him, you don't know what true power is. He does, you can't lock him away. You can't stop him."

"I can stop you." Xephos stared up at Lalnable with narrowed eyes. "Nanosounds isn't dead, she's alive and so is the original Lalna. You'll never find them, I've abandoned them to grow stronger, to stop you and your creation. Escape if you like but you'll never win." Xephos felt a hand grip his throat.

"My doll, come out of there, blue eyes annoys me ever so much. I'll only release when you do. I want our eyes to meet again." Lalnable's grip tightened, sliding Xephos' body up the wall.

Xephos drew his hands up and wrapped them around Lalnable's, prying him off, blue eyes being engulfed by red, though they still seemed the hold the same expression, pained, sickened. "You idiot!" Xephy hissed, shoving Lalnable back. "Do you want to anger him? Cause pain where it isn't needed?!"

"My doll, I..I wanted you to come back to me."

Xephy twisted his body away from Lalna's, hugging his own body, sliding a hand over his neck.

Lalnable opened his mouth to speak but instead, wrapped his arms around Xephy's waist. "We should preoccupy our minds."

Xephy nodded, shifting his head, feeling Lalnable's hot breath tickle the hairs. "That sounds like a brilliant idea Lalnable, I have just the thing that can provide us with entertainment."

Chapter Two:

Xephy peered over a hill, casting his eyes upon the small obsidian hut, the large 'HAT CORP' sign standing proudly. Xephos snarled from within. 'Don't you fucking dare. Don't hurt them! I'm past these ways, especially with those three!' Xephy ignored him, glancing to Lalnable.

"Who lives here?" He questioned.

"The trio of weirdos. The green one, the walrus and the extremely hairy man. HAT I believe they call themselves." Xephy replied, standing up and cracking his back.

Lalnable too stood, watching as a blue force field wavered around the base, as if sensing danger. "They just put up a force field."

"I can get in. It's not very difficult." Xephy replied proudly, tugging Lalnable's sleeve as he began to walk around the back of the base, keeping his distance so the trio inside wouldn't notice them. "They've been bugging me for quite some time, I believe their planning some form of attack on somebody, though they keep very secretive about it. When blue eyes asked them what they were doing, they just attempt to sell him some land he already owned."

"Dodgy deals eh? Sounds like they need to be eradicated." Lalnable huffed, pushing his lab coat back and revealing a modified gun along with a long, sharp crimson blade. "So, how do we get in?"

"We have to pretend we want to buy something, they're fools, they'll be easy." Xephy chuckled, pushing a pair of dark glasses up his nose to cover his eyes. "Just stand behind me, I'll do the talking." 'You fool, they're not as stupid as you think.' Xephos hissed, trying to take control of his body, Xephy stumbling back a little. 'I won't let you do this! I won't let you take my friends away! Not again.' Xephos cried from inside, forcefully shoving himself into place, the glasses falling off, Lalnable's eyes widening as the man before him fell, eyes flickering, blue, red, blue red. Then he collapsed.

Lalnable put his hand on Xephy's body, dragging him up. "My doll?!" He whimpered, shaking him. "Wake up.." He used a thumb to smear the blood away that was trickling out of Xephy's nose, growling. "My doll...Wake up!" Lalnable demanded, shaking his body violently. "Stop hurting him blue eyes, he doesn't need you."

Xephy's eyes opened, the blue seeping from them as the red took control. "Agh...!" He gasped for air, his chest rising and falling rapidly, staring up at Lalnable. "Thank you.." He muttered, putting a hand on Lalnable's and stroking it. "I managed to beat him down again. I don't know how long he'll

remain placid but we must kill them fast.." Xephy hissed out, his tongue sliding out between his lip for a moment.

Lalnable gave a firm nod in response, slipping the dark glasses back over Xephy's eyes, the two making their way to the force field. They waited.

Trottimus opened the door with pride, pulling a lever as the force field fell down, sparking a little as it tumbled, clearly not very good. "Aha, two customers!" He proclaimed, Djh3max and Alsmiffy peering from behind the door. Then there faces fell.

"U-Uh..Xephos..? L-Lalna..?" Alsmiffy glanced to his friends, the three huddling next to door as they watched the two stroll up to their little hut. "Why is he here? I thought he was fluxed too..what the hell is going on?!" Alsmiffy hissed, becoming startled when Xephy spoke.

"We wish to buy some land."

Trottimus stared up in disbelief. "Y-You do..?"

"Yes. Lalna and I want a little bit of land to build some things on, quite rural." 'STOP!" Xephos cried from within, listening to the group talk, clawing his way into position or at least trying. 'DON'T HURT THEM!' He begged.

"S-Sure!" Djh3max stuttered out, inviting them in. "So, quite rural you say..?"

Lalna nodded. "That's what he said." He chuckled lightly, hands twitching a little.

The five walked down to the room where a book was laid out on a pedestal, a pointed quill laying next to it. Xephy glanced to the quill, his hands shuffling behind his back, smiling warmly at Alsmiffy who stood near the stair well, gripping the door frame.

Trottimus lead Xephy over, breathing out. He scrawled down his part of the deed and took a step to the side, gesturing his flipper and smiling. "I-If you

could just sign here, then it's all yours!" He laughed nervously, scratching the back of his neck.

Xephy took a step over so he was in front of it. He raised the quill and let out a huff, sticking out his bottom lip. "It seems you've run out of ink."

"O-Oh, I'm ever so sorry, just hand it to me and I'll refill it!" Trottimus blabbered out, shuffling over.

"No, no, it's fine, I'll use your blood." Xephy replied, glancing to Trottimus.

"W-What did you say?" Trottimus asked with caution, taking a step back.

"I said, it's fine, I'll use your blood." Xephy's smile became twisted again, holding the quill tightly and turning swiftly, striking the pointed end of the quill across the throat of Trottimus, blood flowing rapidly as Trottimus began to gag on his own fluids, gripping his neck. Blood trickled down his body, causing him to slip and fall, a stream leaving his throat as he lay there dead, staring at the ceiling. 'NO!' Xephos screamed from within, battering his way for control.

Lalnable let out a hysterical growl, turning to Djh3max who didn't have time to flee. Lalnable gripped the shoulder of the black haired man and pulled him forwards, pulling out his blade simultaneously, stabbing it into his gut, listening to him gag, blood beginning to drip out of his mouth. He laughed softly, watching as Djh3max began to stumble backwards and keel over, using his blade yet again to stab him right between his eyes, his skull cracking as he did. Djh3max's eyes dilated and his skin went pale. As the blade was drawn, his body slipped down the wall before eventually slumping, tongue hanging out of his mouth, coated in crimson blood, the stab wound in his head revealing bits of bone and brain as they fell out.

Alsmiffy ran for it as soon as Trottimus was slain. He heard the heavy boots of Lalnable follow him at a rapid pace but didn't expect Xephos to appear in front of him. He halted, putting his hands out, the two stood either side of him. "I-I swear, whatever beef you have with us I swear it's not worth killing us all, right..?" Alsmiffy laughed nervously, feeling the breath of Lalnable on his neck. Then, the gloved hands of him. Alsmiffy allowed a

tear to flow down his cheek before his head snapped 180 degrees, his spine snapping before his limp body fell, crumpling as if it were a puppet, laying on the ground peacefully. Lalnable cracked his fingers. "You're right, that was fun."

The two returned back downstairs, Xephy giving Trottimus' flipper a small kick as it was in his way. He picked up the quill and dabbed it, watching the blood soak in a little before writing 'XEPHOS' on the dotted line. "What's done is done." Xephy muttered, walking out before he drifted away, allowing Xephos to take control, as if he wanted Xephos to shout and scream.

Xephos stood for a minute, his blue eyes welling with tears before he drew a blade and pointed it at Lalnable. "You." He snarled in a low tone before flashing the blade to his own forehead for a few seconds. "Him." Xephos returned the blade back to Lalnable. "I'm going to kill you." His eye twitched as did his lip, teeth gritting. "Then I'm going to kill him."

Lalnable laughed softly, yanking the blade from Xephos. "No you're not. Arrest me if you like but your signature is on there and it won't be long before their found." He pulled Xephos close, running a hand through his brown locks. "C'mon, lets get back. You have a lot of work to do I suppose." He released him and walked off, back in the direction of the labs.

Xephy gained control again, catching up with Lalnable. "He's gone quiet, he's planning something." Xephy growled out, patting his palm against his forehead a few times. "Don't worry, we'll think of something. You must return to your cell, I'll go quiet, he takes it from here."

Lalnable nodded, agreeing.

When the two got back, Xephy locked Lalnable back up, the two having a small moment before Xephy left, allowing Xephos to gain the rights to movement, blue eyes glancing around the area.

'Need to escape to somewhere safe friend?' A giggly tone echoed inside Xephos' head. 'Because I can hear them coming and tick, tock, you're against the clock..~' It cooed.

Xephos turned and began to run, finding an open lab and rushing in, locking the door. He looked at what he had to work with a took a step forward. "It's not over yet, I can still win this." He slid into his seat and began to write, listening to everybody outside rush around, reciting over and over what had happened to the trio. Xephos let tears well in his eyes before they began to fall freely. He pushed the pen away and buried his face into his crossed arms, weeping. "W-Why did you have to do that..? I was past caring about them.."

'I did nothing!' The voice replied in protest then snarled out. 'YOU did EVERYTHING.'

Chapter Three:

Xephos sat for days with no sleep, creating a contraption. He put his head on the desk to catch some sleep when a forceful jerk woke his body. Sighing, he groaned and threw his head back to sit against the chair, coughing. "What the fuck do you want?" Xephos growled out, getting to his feet and moving to the light, flicking it on.

'I want to see what you've made.' Xephy hissed out, circling Xephos' soul and tapping at it. 'Let me take control, you're tired, you need a rest.' It poked and chuckled.

"That's the last thing I'm ever going to do." Xephos walked back over to his desk and sat down, picking up what he had created and gulping. "I'm going to get rid of you once and for all, I hope you realise that."

'Get rid of me? How? I'm part of you Xephos, there's nothing you can do.' Xephy began to grow angry, Xephos getting the overwhelming feeling that he was being strangled. His throat grew tight and begged for air though that didn't stop him from what he was doing. Xephos pulled his jacket off and held the contraption over his arm, the needled end pointing towards his skin. It took him a moment, staring at the glowing blue liquid before he pushed it in to his arm, gasping out in pain as he strapped it on.

Immediately, Xephy began to take control and threw his body to the floor, tackling Xephos, his eyes shifting between red and blue, blood dripping

from his nose as he got onto his hands and knees. "What did you do..?!" The red eyed one snarled out, smearing the blood from his nose across his cheek, seething out.

Xephos seemed to remain calm as he spoke. Now however, his voice seemed to echo, celestial, as if he had a higher power. 'I told you, I'm getting rid of you. I'm curing myself.' He said with a small chuckle.

Xephy rested back onto his knees, hanging his head. "I'll kill everyone." He growled, clambering to his feet, body swaying and stumbling before up righting. Xephy let out a hysterical cackle, throwing his head back and drawing out his laughter. "How about that Xephos, how about I kill everyone and then finally, I'll kill us both, does that sound like a fun plan?" He waited, frustrated when Xephos didn't reply. "Whatever, I don't need your permission."

The man made his way to the door and opened it, beginning to walk down the corridor when he heard the shrill cry of some scientists. "There he is!" One shouted, arming himself with his gun. "Get him!"

Xephy stood completely still, feeling the vibrations of the scientists approach. He was hunched over, hair resting over his eyes. "Oh boys," Xephy droned out, feeling them halt in their positions. "Do you really think that Xephos would kill Hat Corp?"

"We know it was you..!" One stuttered out. "Your signature was signed on a deed!"

"Wrong." Xephy giggled, turning his head to them all, red eyes scanning their terrified faces. "I'm not Xephos."

Before any of them had time to react, Xephy drew his sword and made an uppercut slice over the first one, blood spraying in various directions. Then, he lunged forwards, taking out the second with a quick, effective stab to the heart, screams echoing in the corridor, ricocheting throughout the rest of Yoglabs, alerting others. When they arrived, Xephy had gone and all the remained was the corpses of the scientists along with 'Oops' scrawled in blood on the wall.

"My doll?" Lalnable questioned when Xephy staggered in drenched in blood, breathing heavily. "What ever is the matter?"

"We don't have much time." Xephy replied, opening the cell door. "We have to eliminate everyone."

"Why?"

"SO I WIN. SO WE WIN." Xephy snarled, handing Lalnable his weapons and turning, heading back out of the door. "Come on!"

Lalnable nodded and equipped himself, following Xephy down the hall.

"Where is he?" Lalnable asked in a hushed tone, walking quietly.

"He's not active. He's just silent." Xephy muttered.

Lalnable was a little taken back but decided not to further the questioning.

The pair reached the end of the corridor, taking cover when various beams of different colours accompanied with throwing knives flew over head of them. Simultaneously, they fired back, taking out many scientists before hopping from behind their cover and slaying each figure present. They stood in a lake of blood, stained with it themselves. Lalnable looked to Xephy who looked back, the pair laughing, gradually letting it grow in to maniacal hysterics. Though Xephy stopped. He stopped abruptly. Then fell.

Lalnable ran over. "My doll, please, tell me what's wrong?" He cried out, picking Xephy up and running into the darkness of the labs again.

"He's curing me.." Xephy lifted his sleeve, the blue liquid now containing about three quarters of the liquid. "I'm getting weaker, I don't know how much longer I'll be able to keep this up my love, I'm scared.." He groaned.

Lalnable studied his arm. "I can help you, I'm a Scientist..I can do this.." He seethed out with passion. Cradling Xephy, Lalnable found a spare lab and went in, laying his doll down on the desk and taking his arm gently with his gloved hands. "When did he do this?"

"Not long ago, it's painful, he's so quiet, it hurts." Xephy growled out in pain, his eyes squeezing tight.

"It's fast acting my doll, I'll get it out soon, I promise." Lalnable ran over and got a few tools, sitting down next to Xephy and beginning to work. He kept checking Xephy, unsettled by his reactions of pain and suffering. Ignoring them as best as he could, Lalnable managed to get the cure free, getting ready to pull it out.

Suddenly, Xephy's body lunged up, his eyes flickering between blue and red rapidly, the pair fighting for dominance. "If you do this.." Xephos snarled, "I swear you'll fuck him up even more, so go ahead, do it..!" He laughed, Xephy regaining control over blue eyes, the crimson eyes coming back. "Do it, pull it out Lalnable, my love, I'll be alright, please, it hurts!"

Lalnable took a moment before he nodded, standing up and leaning over Xephy, brushing his brown locks from over his eyes. "I love you, my doll.." He whispered, leaning down and kissing him on the lips, pulling the cure out and throwing it aside.

Xephy pulled away from the kiss after a moment and nodded. "Thank you." He smiled. "Now come on, we have some errands to finish off." He got to his feet, taking Lalnable's hand and heading to the exit.

Xephos pounded in Xephy's head, sending chills over his body. 'Do you feel that Xephy? That's you losing and me winning..' His voice announced. 'You're going to die Xephy, I'll get rid of you, you know I will.'

"S-Shut up..!" Xephy muttered to himself, drawing his golden blade and heading upstairs with Lalnable to find more to kill, the red lights beginning to flash, signalling lock down.

"We don't have much time my doll!" Lalnable shouted over the blaring sirens, scooping Xephy up, making his way to the stair case, his boots heavy as he ran up.

When they got to the top they were met with a group of about twenty scientists who all had fire arms and were pointing them at the pair. Lalnable

put down Xephy and exchanged a glance with him. They both nodded and readied themselves.

Chapter Four:

The scientists went down like flies being swatted.

They were silent.

Lalnable looked to Xephy.

Xephy looked to Lalnable.

They grinned.

Xephy swung his body round and fell into Lalnable's chest, hugging him. "We won my love, we won..!" His voice was full of excitement. "My love.." He giggled, keeping his grip firm.

Lalnable hugged him back, kissing his forehead. "My doll.."

Though, Xephy cut him off, placing a finger on his lips. "Let me speak." He lowered his hand, burying his head into Lalnable's neck so that his face was unseen. "We've done everything we can now. Everybody is dead. We're free to do as we please, run where ever we wish and yet.." Xephy paused briefly, lifting his head, blue eyes shimmering, a coy smile on his face. "It doesn't matter." Xephos finished, thrusting his blade deep into Lalnable's gut, nose scrunching up as he chuckled. "You thought I'd let you get away, didn't you? After all these years keeping you locked up I'd let him control me and let you roam free?"

Lalnable's breathing became unsteady as his hands lowered from Xephos' hair to his cheeks. "X-Xephos.." He growled out, body lurching forward as the blade pushed deeper in.

"Don't waste your breath on me Lalnable. You whiny," Xephos twisted the blade harshly, "sadistic," He twisted it the other way, teeth gritting, lip trembling. "pathetic fuck." Xephos gripped Lalnable's lab coat collar. "You wear the blood of the innocent like it's a success. You make me sick."

Xephos dug the blade up, listening to Lalnable's clothing rip, the hilt of the sword now resting against Lalnable's stomach.

Lalnable fell to his knees, blood trickling out of his mouth. He put his hands on the handle of the sword, on top of Xephos' hand. His pupils began to dilate, body becoming weak on the sword, heavy.

Xephos drew the blade out, breathing heavily, blade dripping with blood. He watched Lalnable's head loll to the side before taking the rest of his body with him, a loud thud echoing throughout the empty main hall.

Then, the blade followed and Xephos grabbed his own hand as it directed towards his face. He threw his head back, a long, piercing screech leaving his mouth before his head whipped forwards, crimson eyes flaming to life once more, tears streaming down his cheeks. Xephy fell to his knees and scooped up Lalnable's body, hugging it close to his chest. "My love..my love.." He whimpered out against Lalnable's cheek, body trembling. "What did he do to you, what did he say..?!" Xephy cradled him, coughing. "My love..please.. wake up.." His eyes closed for a moment and he inhaled. He stood.

Turning, Xephy drove his fist into the wall, watching it begin to bleed. "AGHH," He hit his other hand. "You fucking asshole.." He gripped his hair, dragging his bloodied fists through it.

"Xephos?" A voice called, it was shocked and stunned.

Xephy gripped his mouth. How could he have forgotten? His breath hitched as he turned, casting his eyes upon the dwarf.

"What did you do?" Honeydew's head tilted, confused.

Xephy didn't reply.

"You're not my friend." Honeydew looked down. "Are you..? You're that other one..the one he told me about all those moons ago."

Still nothing.

"Do you know what he said to me, if anything like this were to happen? If you were to massacre everyone?"

Xephy let his arms fall. "What?"

"He told me to kill you."

"He's in here with me. Killing me would be killing him."

Honeydew merely shrugged, cracking his knuckles. He swung his pickaxe over his shoulder. "I'll make it quick, don't worry."

Without warning, Honeydew came running at him, bringing his pickaxe off his shoulder and hurling it towards Xephy with a great force.

Xephy dodged, retrieving his blade and holding it up to protect himself.

Honeydew turned, pickaxe resting on the floor though he gripped it tightly.

Both collided and collided and collided. They dodged with ease, hit furiously but yet they could not defeat each other.

Honeydew stood a few meters from Xephy, panting. "You're tough."

"The same as you." Xephy replied, wiping blood from his cheek, locking eyes with Honeydew.

It took them a second and they collided again, Honeydew a little higher than Xephy.

Time seemed to slow. It happened so fast. He gave him a small nod. Then, it happened.

Honeydew punctured the side of Xephy's skull with one side of the pickaxe, landing on the floor as Xephy's body flew a few meters, hitting the ground elegantly. His own blood cloaked him, hair beginning to stick to the wound. His eyes gave a dead stare, the red fading out of them slowly.

His eyes cast over before he walked over, the pickaxe resting on his shoulder again. Honeydew crouched, sighing lightly. Gently, he pushed Xephos' eyelids down and stood, taking off his helmet, placing it over his chest. Honeydew spoke.

His words were quiet.

"Goodnight, Spaceman."

Credit to asaltthesmith on Ao3

Baby, It's Cold Outside (S)

TW: none

Xephos had been working himself to the bone lately, what with all of this planning going into the jaffa factory. Lalna had tried time and time again to get him to just relax but the man never seemed to stop.

It wasn't until the snow started to fall that Lalna really put his foot down. Even with snow on his shoulders and covering the unbuilt factory floor as well as the small pillars of wall that had just gotten built, Xeph worked on. Even Honeydew had stopped digging long before because the snow had gotten too thick for him.

Lalna had walked out into the snow and practically dragged Xeph back into the house, "What the hell Lalna?! I was work-"

Lalna cut him off, "I know you were working and you were working way too hard Xephy." He said wrapping his arms around the near freezing man and frowning as he saw that his lips were blue.

Xephos seemed to just realize how cold it was and he started to shiver. He burrowed further into Lalna, "I n-need to f-finish planning t-the factory." He said through chattering teeth.

Lalna shook his head and walked them both into the sleeping quarters. He pulled Xephos off of him with a small whine from the spaceman and rummaged around in the chest beside his bed. He pulled out his red and blue sweater and offered it to him. Xeph took it immediately and quickly put it on, wrapping his arms around himself and huffing as he shivered.

Lalna almost laughed at how cute he looked in the oversized thing. He walked back over and pulled him close again. After glancing at his dirty crumb-filled bed, he chuckled nervously, "Why don't we use Honeydew's bed today." He said with a smile.

Xephos furrowed his eyebrows, "W-Where is Honeydew?" He asked though he didn't stop Lalna from dragging both of them over to the big bed.

"He went to check on the pigs at Pig Island." Lalna said simply, flopping down back first on the soft wool. Xeph crawled on after him practically burrowing into Lalna's side.

Lalna turned to lie on his side and he pulled the shivering spaceman closer. "Xeph." He said his voice soft. Xephos looked up at him and Lalna frowned as he saw that his lips still weren't the color they were supposed to be. "You're lips are still blue." He said, cupping Xeph's chin.

Xephos only had a moment to be confused before Lalna was leaning down and pressing his hot lips to his. Xeph leaned into the kiss and sighed in bliss as his eyes fluttered closed. Warmth flooded into him as Lalna deepened the kiss. They both leaned in closer to each other and for a second everything felt perfect.

And then the door banged open. They let their kiss linger for a second longer before turning towards the noise. Honeydew stood in the doorway with a faux annoyed face and his arms crossed. "Why are you two in my bed?!" He exclaimed.

Lalna smiled, "Xeph was freezing his arse off." He said and Honeydew chuckled.

"Make room for me then!" Honeydew yelled running forward to jump on the both of them.

Loud objections filled the air.

Credit to Alireeses on Ao3

Goodbye Note #3 Lalna (S)

TW: Probs angst

"Dear Lalna,

Next time you see me, I wont be the same, I may or may not remember you, I hope to the stars I do, but its not my decision. Let's hope fate isn't as much of an ass as people say he is.

Anyways, Lalna, I want you to know something very, *very* important. ***I love you***, honest to god I do, if I ever treat you wrongly, yell at you, or lash out at you, then I want you to smash me over the head with a chair. I mean it.

You deserve so much better than me, but you choose to stay with me all this time and I am forever grateful to be able to call you my friend, let alone my love.

I don't know what kind of person I will be when you get this note, but whoever I end up like I'm still me, trust me, I would want more than anything to remember you and hold you close, it would make a dark time like that so much brighter.

I've always been scared to admit affection to anyone, the word "love" used to leave a sour taste on my tongue every time I'd say it, I *hated* it. But being with you, and seeing how much you care for me made me realise, the reason I disliked saying the word "love" was because I was lacking the feeling of love. You gave me that small piece of humanity that no one else could. Thank you. Thank you so, so much Lalna.

You're probably worried sick about me, probably lost sleep over me, I know you Lalna, I know how much you care and it hurts, it *angers* me so, *so* much to know that I will be oblivious to it.

Don't get hurt by me Lalna, don't let me hurt you. Please, I beg you... *I can't lose you*, even if I lose myself, the very thought of losing you makes me

want to scream.

Now, I'm gonna ask you a favour, its very, *very* important, the most important thing I will ever say to you.

Don't forget that *I love you* and that you are the most amazing person I've ever met, no matter what anyone says *you are perfect just the way you are.*

Signed,

Your personal night-light, Xephos."

Credit to thestarsarewatchingme on tumblr

Cheek (S)

TW: None

Xephos had always interested Lalna.

Of course, his spaceman biology awoke the part of Lalna that was truly scientist and nothing else. That kind of interest was feral; it made him rip apart the object of his fascination until he could study every tiny piece, every part of puzzle, and note this knowledge.

Xephos was also interesting to Lalna as a friend. His emotions were sometimes unstable, going off randomly or making him shut down and seal himself away from his life. Lalna enjoyed watching this, seeing the way that a few words or a gentle gesture could make the blue-eyed man emerge from his hiding place. He was so *different* from the dwarf, so much stronger but yet so much weaker. He could slit a person's throat to save his friends, but wouldn't kill his friends to save himself.

And, without a doubt, Lalna loved Xephos. This was his final form of interest, the one that he hated with all of his might. It quenched the instinctive desire of his scientific curiosity, and fueled his friendly distance into something that was bordering on adoration.

Lalna enjoyed prying into Xephos' head for all of these reasons. He would confuse Xephos on purpose and then pressure him; he'd do all of Xephos' work and watch how he'd act; he'd wait until Xephos was stressed and then give him lots of work to do.

Of course, experimenting on the spaceman like this broke his heart, but Xephos' cheery determination that should have made him feel less guilty only made it worse.

There was no need for you to do that, his weary but sincere smile taunted the scientist. *I'm still fine.*

How Lalna wished he could just break Xephos, make him fall apart and scream. He wanted the spaceman to disintegrate, to fall to pieces at his feet. He wanted to destroy Xephos, to let his destructive science curiosity take over and kill the man he loved.

He knew that if he did, his heart would break. To kill Xephos would be to kill him.

Lalna finally made a decision as he worked on the tasks Xephos had given to him this morning, not even five minutes after he'd woken up. His hands moved swiftly over the machine, skillfully adjusting parts and replacing loose connections.

He would satisfy one hunger, but if that hunger was not fed, he would satisfy the other.

Either Xephos would love him in return, or Lalna would rip him apart and study all of him, his glowing eyes, his perfect smile, and his cold heart.

Lalna did it by the easiest means possible; he wasn't a man for complications and problems. He told Xephos he needed help with something on an upper floor that no one used anymore.

Landing lightly on the edge of the wooden floor, the spaceman looked like he'd been using flying rings all his life. He briskly strode over to where Lalna had preoccupied himself with adjusting the few machines left (that ran just fine already).

As he heard Xephos' footsteps approaching, the scientist forced his breathing to be smooth and easy. He was never particularly good with his words; actions had always worked better for him.

When the spaceman paused just behind Lalna, the scientist glanced up and met the blue eyes watching him. In one fluid motion, he set his wrench down, spun around, placed one hand on Xephos' jawline, and kissed him.

Xephos seemed momentarily panicked, then stunned, but then he was kissing back, pulling Lalna closer. The scientist smiled into the kiss as he

broke away, very slightly out of breath.

When he looked up at Xephos, those blue eyes were looking everywhere but at him. Much to Lalna's interest, there was a faint blue blush on the spaceman's cheeks - another bit of surprising anatomy.

He giggled lightly, planting a kiss on Xephos' blue cheek. Lalna pressed himself against his chest, hearing his faint heartbeat beneath the blue and white T-shirt.

A blue blush, huh. He hoped he'd see more of that.

Credit to britishparty on tumblr